

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

NO. 10.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

| NORTH.                              |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 6:02 A. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.    |  |
| 9:39 A. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 12:39 P. M. Daily.                  |  |
| 5:03 P. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 8:54 P. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 9:12 P. M. Daily.                   |  |
| SOUTH.                              |  |
| 6:45 A. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.    |  |
| 12:03 P. M. Daily.                  |  |
| 4:05 P. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 7:03 P. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 8:33 P. M. Daily.                   |  |
| 12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.) |  |

## TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

| Leave Holy Cross                             | Leave Packing House                          |
|--|--|
| 5:18 a. m.                                   | 5:37 a. m.                                   |
| 6:00 " "                                     | 6:30 " "                                     |
| Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m. | Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m. |
| 4:35 " "                                     | 4:50 " "                                     |
| 5:10 " "                                     | 5:25 " "                                     |
| 5:55 " "                                     | 6:14 " "                                     |
| 6:30 " "                                     | 7:00 " "                                     |
| 7:20 " "                                     | 8:00 " "                                     |
| 8:30 " "                                     | 9:00 " "                                     |
| 9:30 " "                                     | 10:00 " "                                    |
| 10:30 " "                                    | 11:00 " "                                    |
| 11:30 " "                                    | 11:50 " "                                    |
| 12:15 a. m.                                  | 12:35 a. m.                                  |

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:32 p. m. The last "suburban car", leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

## UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

### TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

| From San Mateo                             | From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.              |
|--|--|
| WEEK-DAYS                                  |  |
| 5:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. every 30 minutes  | 6:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes  |
| 8:00 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. every 60 minutes | 7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes |
| SATURDAYS                                  |  |
| 5:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. every 30 minutes | 6:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes |
| 12:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 20 minutes | 11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes |
| 7:30 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. every 30 minutes | 6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes |
| SUNDAYS                                    |  |
| First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 12:00 p. m.  | First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 11:30 p. m.  |

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 7:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

| MAILS ARRIVE.  | A. M. | P. M. |
|----------------|-------|-------|
| From the North | 6:45  | 12:05 |
| " " " "        | 6:45  | 4:05  |
| " " " "        | 6:45  | 12:35 |

| MAIL CLOSING. | A. M. | P. M. |
|---------------|-------|-------|
| North         | 6:55  | 12:00 |
| South         | 6:15  | 5:24  |
| " " " "       | 11:35 |       |

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

| JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT             |              |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| Hon. G. H. Beck                  | Redwood City |
| TREASURER                        |              |
| P. P. Chamberlain                | Redwood City |
| TAX COLLECTOR                    |              |
| C. L. McCracken                  | Redwood City |
| DISTRICT ATTORNEY                |              |
| J. J. Bullock                    | Redwood City |
| ASSESSOR                         |              |
| C. D. Hayward                    | Redwood City |
| COUNTY CLERK                     |              |
| H. W. Schaberg                   | Redwood City |
| COUNTY RECORDER                  |              |
| John F. Johnston                 | Redwood City |
| SHERIFF                          |              |
| J. H. Mansfield                  | Redwood City |
| AUDITOR                          |              |
| Geo. Barker                      | Redwood City |
| SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS        |              |
| Miss Etta M. Tilton              | Redwood City |
| CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR |              |
| Jas. Crowe                       | Redwood City |
| SURVEYOR                         |              |
| W. B. Gilbert                    | Redwood City |

## PHILIPPINE RAILWAYS MAY BE BUILT BY THE GOVERNMENT

If New Bids Prove Unsatisfactory Uncle Sam Will Construct Lines.

Memphis, Tenn.—Governor-General of the Philippines Luke E. Wright, asked as to the report of his resignation of the Governorship, would say nothing definite.

"I have heard of this matter only since my return to America, and I am thinking more of my play now than of my work six months hence," he asserted.

Regarding the government of the islands and their future Wright said:

"All the recent bids for the railroad work have been rejected. We will try for new estimates, and you may state that if the next batch are also turned down one or more important lines will be built by the Government. It is, indeed, desirable to develop all the sections where the proposed roads are to run, but it is better to allow our friends, whom we are making into good citizens of the United States, to wait a little for the prosperity that will come with such facilities than to submit to such bids or to give radical concessions to Americans from home."

"But these roads will be built. With commerce such as should exist between sister states and territories unrestricted by any duties, the islanders will by increased intercourse have taken a long step toward self-government. Many American public men are disposed to view the ultimate political condition too gloomily. It will take time, but it will come eventually, and free trade will go a long way toward making self-government a possibility."

## Oldest Indian in Northwest Dead.

Tacoma, Wash.—Quiack, the oldest Indian in the Northwest, died last week at his home on Satsop river, Chehalis county. He was at least 120 years old, having been old and gray-haired when the oldest settlers came to Gray's Harbor, fifty years ago. Quiack was born on the Satsop river and lived there nearly all his life. When John Brady, who died in California several weeks ago, came down the Satsop river in 1852 Quiack was his guide. He was one of the most peaceful Indians in the Territory, on several occasions refusing to take part in early Indian uprisings. Quiack had had three wives, the last one leaving him several years ago. But one son survives. He is employed in a logging camp on Clatsop river.

## Helpless From Feast of Fish.

Tacoma, Wash.—A Nanaimo fisherman had a unique experience with a flock of seagulls several evenings ago. He reached Nanaimo in an open boat containing two tons of herring. While up town the seagulls took possession of the boat. On his return all but sixty flew away. This number had so gorged themselves with herring that they could not fly, but hoped about in a state of helplessness. The fisherman finally climbed into the boat and lifted them overboard. They were able to swim with an effort and most of them went ashore to recover from the effects of their feast.

## Predicts Hardships for Japanese.

Victoria, B. C.—Clay Macaulay of Boston, a recognized authority on Japan, returned from another visit by the steamship Tremont. He said there would be considerable suffering in Japan following the return of the army from Manchuria. The Japanese Government, confronted as it was by grave financial problems, could not undertake governmental relief as would the United States. The distress during the next few years will be very great.

## Prominent Ventura Banker Dead.

Ventura.—John Carne, president of the First National Bank of Ventura, and one of the leading orchardists and business men of this county, died in this city last week. Carne came here from Chicago about ten years ago. In that city he was well known as chief deputy in the County Clerk's office for many years and was a prominent in Republican politics. He was a native of England, 68 years of age and leaves a family of six grown children.

## Prefers Jail to Work.

Honolulu.—J. P. McElroy, who has spent the past ten years almost entirely in jail on successive convictions for vagrancy, has finally gone to work. The courts refused to commit him for vagrancy, as he sought conviction on that charge for the purpose of going to jail.

## SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches From Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

Santa Fe train No. 17, west bound, was wrecked and partly derailed at Badger creek bridge, about five miles west of Reading, Kansas, and two deaths resulted.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has awarded La Lande prize to Professor William Henry Pickering, the astronomer of Harvard Observatory, for his discovery of satellites of Saturn.

A Dutch convoy has been ambushed in the Pansangan district of Achin, isle of Sumatra. Twelve men were killed and eight were wounded. The Achinese lost six men killed.

Governor La Follette of Wisconsin has sent to the Legislature his resignation as Governor, to take effect on the first Monday in January. He resigns to accept the United States Senatorship.

Clarence Albright, while seated at his breakfast table at Kingman, Kansas, was shot and killed by an unknown assassin, who fired through the window. The murderer escaped. Albright was prominent.

A Pullman car porters' union, which is intended to include every negro railroad employe in this service in the United States, has been organized by porters, cafe and dining car men running into New York City on the various lines.

A gift of \$100,000 to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art for the purchase of American paintings has been announced by Sir Purdon Clarke. George A. Hearn, the merchant, gave the money. He also gave twenty valuable paintings to the museum.

Four robbers blew open the safe in the bank at Baldwin, Ill., and escaped after a fight with citizens. No body was hurt in the street fighting. About \$2500 in currency was torn into shreds by the explosion and \$1000 in silver was damaged. It is not known how much the robbers secured.

Robert Rutherford and M. C. Murray, both from Philadelphia, were killed by highwaymen on a ranch at Diaz, a small settlement in Chihuahua, Mexico. A man named Finstad of Los Angeles and another, known as "Shorty," were wounded. The robbers escaped.

Josh Neave, a multi-millionaire, has been decided on for superintendent of the street cleaning department of Cincinnati, his acceptance having been received by the new board of public service which takes office next month. Neave said he desired the office in order to give Cincinnati the cleanest streets possible.

Imports of diamonds and other precious stones have reached the remarkable total of \$77,000,000 at the port of New York for the present year. Not only has the annual increase of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 been kept up, but the banner year of 1904, with \$66,092,275 worth of gems, has been beaten by nearly \$11,000,000.

Edward Joris, the Belgian, and three others charged with participation in the attempt to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey last July, have been sentenced to death. Other alleged accomplices were committed to penal servitude for life, and ten persons charged with the same crime, who have not yet been arrested, were sentenced to death.

General Booth of the Salvation Army has written to King Edward, announcing that George Herring, chairman of the City of London Electric Lighting Company and a prominent member of many other corporations, had donated \$500,000 to the army to be used in a home colonization scheme, but that the army had engaged to repay this sum in twenty-five annual installments to the King's hospital fund.

In one of the most extraordinary accidents known to American railroading, two heavily loaded passenger trains came together on the elevated tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad at Harlem, N. Y. One man was killed and forty persons were more or less seriously injured. The trains were running on

## GOVERNMENT BEGINS WAR UPON THE HESSIAN FLY

Will Endeavor to Drive the Destructive Pest From Wheat Fields.

Washington.—According to the annual report of L. C. Howard, in charge of the bureau of entomology of the Department of Agriculture, the main work of the bureau for the last fiscal year ended June 30, 1905, was in connection with the cotton boll weevil, the importation of beneficial insects from abroad, investigations of insects damaging forests and deciduous fruit trees, work on insects injurious to vegetable crops and affecting the great staple field crops and work in silk and bee culture.

The investigations into the cotton boll worm were such that cotton planters will, it is stated, be enabled to control that injurious pest.

Experiments on a large scale, extending over practically the whole of the wheat-growing area, have been begun, looking toward the elucidation of certain as yet unsolved problems in the propagation of the Hessian fly and of the joint worms of wheat, and also to determine the best time to sow wheat in the autumn in order to ward off the autumn attack of the fly. Investigations of the same insect in the spring wheat regions have been begun, since only recently has the Hessian fly spread into this new country.

## Railroads to Care for Old Employes.

New York.—At respective meetings of the boards of directors of the New York Central, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railways each of these companies decided to establish a pension bureau to take care of superannuated employes.

## Navy Yard Crowded.

Vallejo.—The marine guard has been largely strengthened at the yard, now being 813, as compared with 536 some time ago. There are 300 officers and men at the post, and ninety prisoners. The barracks and prison are both overcrowded and about one-half the guard is living in tents.

parallel tracks, going in the same direction, when one was switched into the rear of the other.

Historic Plymouth Church in New York has come to financial straits. The revenues have so dwindled as to show a deficit in the last year against a surplus thirty years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher was paid a salary of \$100,000. One explanation of the trouble is that old Brooklyn heights families, who were the mainstays of Plymouth, have disappeared through death or removal. The deficit in Plymouth exchequer from 1900 to 1905 was \$8000.

The German Government has directed its Minister at Petropolis, Brazil, to express to the Brazilian Government its regret that the officers and men of the cruiser Panther sent ashore at Itajahy to obtain unobtrusively facts concerning a supposed deserter from the Panther overstepped the proper forms. Germany also affirms that Steinhoff, the man who is said to have been maltreated by German sailors during the search for the supposed deserter, was not taken on board the Panther nor had he been near the vessel.

Dr. William Osler, the man who wants the aged hustled to the graveyard, is out with a really important and interesting declaration. In his latest book he says that "deathbed" visions, believed in by thousands and of which there are scores of supposed authentic records, are plain nonsense. Moreover, he supports the declaration by hundreds of deathbed observations which, he believes, prove absolutely that such reported visions are untrue. In all these cases there was suffering, fear and other emotions, but no thought of the future.

Three men were blown to pieces seven others were more or less seriously hurt, and the occupants of fashionable hotels and residences in the vicinity of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street were startled by an explosion of dynamite in an excavation for the new Altman building. Fragments of the bodies of the dead men were scattered over an area of hundreds of feet, and it was hours before the exact number of victims of the accident could be determined. The explosion was caused by a workman unintentionally striking a heavy charge of dynamite which had been placed in a drill hole in a ledge of rocks several days ago, and which defied all efforts to explode it at that time.

## EXPORT TRADE NOT HURT BY BOYCOTT

United States Transacted an Immense Volume of Business With China and Japan During Year Just Closed

Marked Increase in the Shipments of Copper, Cotton Cloth, Flour, Paper, Tobacco, Canned Beef and Machinery.

Washington.—No feature of the export trade of the United States for 1905 has shown a larger growth than the trade with China and Japan, says a bulletin issued by the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. In the ten months ended with October exports to China aggregated more than \$50,000,000 in value, against \$20,000,000 in the same months of 1904. Exports to Japan were \$46,500,000, against a little less than \$22,000,000 for the same period in 1904 and \$13,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1903.

No other country of the world to which our exports are sent show gains approximating those of China and Japan. The growth in exports to China from the United States is especially marked in copper, cotton cloth, flour, sewing machines, locomotives, paper, canned beef, manufactures of tobacco and lumber, though cotton cloth and copper are by far the most important of these items. To Japan the growth occurred in flour, carriages and other vehicles, raw cotton, agricultural machinery, sewing machines, locomotives, leather, paper, canned beef, tobacco and lumber. Cotton cloth exports to China in the ten months ending with October aggregated in value \$27,405,450, against \$9,657,707 in the same months of 1904. Copper exports to China are comparatively a new feature of the trade with that country, the amount in the months ending with October having been \$11,326,407, against \$611,677 in the same months of last year. The copper is used in making new copper coins.

Flour is about the only important article of export to China showing any material reduction this year, while manufactured tobacco shows a material increase.

Cotton exports to Japan for the ten months ending with October aggregated in value \$13,784,390, against \$2,716,529 last year. American cotton is popular with the Japanese spinners, because it has a long staple; but the cotton grown in India and China, which has a shorter staple, is considerably less in price, and, in the years of high prices of cotton in the United States, Japan purchases little cotton in this country, but draws largely on India and China.

## Death Lurked in Hair Dye.

Chicago.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Indianapolis, Ind., says: Mrs. Lowell Brown, a young married woman, died at the City Hospital under peculiar circumstances. The other day, when Mrs. Brown did not appear, the door to her room was forced open and she was found lying upon the floor unconscious. Her face, neck and hands were black as coal. It is believed she was dyeing her hair when stricken and in some manner dyed her face, hands and neck. She died without regaining consciousness, and no explanation could be secured.

## Giant Mast for Wireless Messages.

Vallejo.—A pole reaching to the height of 210 feet and fitted with aerial apparatus for the Mare island wireless station has just been erected on the island. This great height will offset inconveniences which have interfered with the transmission of messages heretofore. The stations at the Farallones, Tamalpais and Goat island can now be in touch with the yard, and it is hoped, also, that ships at sea can be communicated with. This pole is in three sections, and is said to be one of the biggest in the history of aerial transmission.

## Seized Fishing Boat Is Released.

Ottawa, Ontario.—The Kitty D, an American fishing boat, seized by a Canadian revenue cutter on Lake Erie this year for alleged fish poaching, has been released by a decision of the Privy Council of Great Britain.

## High Price for a Seat.

New York.—A seat on the Stock Exchange was sold last week for \$30,000, the highest price on record.

## COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits. July 1 to Feb. 1. Rail. October 15 to Nov. 16. Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.

Deer. August 1 to October 1. Trout. April 1 to November 1. Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited. The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

## STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover October 15 to February 15. Mountain Quail and Grouse. Sept. 1 to Feb. 15. Doves. July 1 to Feb. 15. Tree Squirrel. Aug. 1 to Oct. 1. Male Deer. July 15 to Nov. 1. Pheasant and Meadow Lark. Killing prohibited. Trout. April 1 to Nov. 1. Steelhead (in tidewater) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16. Striped Bass. Three-pound limit. Black Bass. July 1 to Jan. 1. Salmon. Oct. 16 to Sept. 10. Lobster or Crawfish. Aug. 15 to April 1. Shrimp. Sept. 1 to May 1. Crabs, 6 inches across back. Oct. 31 to Sept. 1. Turgeon and Female Crab. Killing prohibited. Abalone. Less than 15 inches round.

## Became Insane on Seeing Friend Killed

San Bernardino.—J. D. Corcoran, who was committed to the Southern California State Hospital for the Insane at Patton from Oakland last May, died at that institution last week, having never had a rational moment. Corcoran's insanity developed from witnessing the killing of Gilbert Moran, his companion, by George Barden, a San Francisco vaudeville actor, here. Moran fell dying in Corcoran's arms. Corcoran moved to Oakland soon afterward, completely broken in health. He was a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias and the Order of Railway Conductors.

## Thirty Horses Perish in Fire.

Seattle.—One man was burned to death and another so overcome by smoke that he is in a dangerous condition and thirty-one horses were burned or suffocated in a fire that broke out in the rear of the barn of the Montana Stable Company on Washington street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, and communicated to the New York, the Montana and the Washington lodging-houses. The monetary loss will not exceed \$15,000. It is supposed that some one passing down the alley threw a lighted match through a wooden gate into a part of the barn where the fire started.

## Japan Gives Land to Catholics.

Victoria, B. C.—Bishop O'Connell, Papal envoy to Japan, is being entertained largely in Japan, and has been visited by prominent native priests. An address of welcome was presented by six religious bodies. Among the presents given him was a deed of dedication for 30,000 taubo of land to the Pope as the site for Catholic headquarters in Japan, at Oshide, seven miles from the well-known tourist resort, Karuizawa.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.



E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Yes, the cup of love contains many spoons.

It is up to you to win the prize; let others explain how they lost it.

Most men do what they do because they think at the time it is the proper thing to do.

The more henpecked a man is the more ferocious he tries to act when he is away from home.

The spectacle of the Mutual investigating the Mutual somehow suggests a Mutual admiration society.

Why don't the policy-holders get together now and demand a constitution from the McCalls and McCurdys?

No woman should be expected to work for a husband after marriage. She usually works hard enough trying to get him.

As England and Japan did not form the alliance to please Russia, they may not be especially distressed at that country's disapproval.

This discussion as to who will take Sir Henry Irving's place as the greatest actor is not interesting Richard Mansfield. He knows.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given \$75,000 for a public school building. It was probably money her husband had saved by not taking a vacation.

"Kid" McCoy, the prize fighter, has married a widow with three young children. This thoroughly disproves the charge that Mr. McCoy lacks grit.

Sometimes we are tempted to believe that the criminal on trial is almost as bad as the attorney who resorts to all sorts of cunning tricks to cheat justice for him.

The old way of looting a bank with the aid of a jimmy, a dark lantern, a little powder and a fuse is clumsy and unprofitable altogether in comparison with the modern methods.

The time is coming when no horse show will be considered up to date that doesn't distribute ribbons to the wearers of the swellest gowns among the occupants of the boxes.

In spite of the Berlin professor's assertion that the bite of a pretty girl will kill quicker than the bite of a rattlesnake, there are a lot of us that will go right on risking it.

The Chinese are unreasonable enough to resent the shooting of their women by American sportsmen, even after it has been explained to them that the shooting was accidental.

London is stirred up over the discovery of a gentleman crook who keeps a valet. Pooh-pooh. In this country the average insurance magnate keeps a houseful of servants.

Mark Twain thinks the world will have universal peace when everybody is dead. Mark is so pessimistic that we begin to suspect that one of his near neighbors must have a parrot or a bad boy.

A woman has been arrested for putting love powders in her husband's coffee. This is no more than right. If she wants to win her husband's love let her abandon the powders and learn how to make good coffee.

Testimony gathered in Boston shows that William Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers divided \$3,565,000 as the profits of a Boston gas deal. Philanthropists of the McCurdy type are not neglecting the illumination of the human race.

A New York woman who weighs 200 pounds fell from a fourth-story window and cut one of her hands rather painfully. The woman who weighs 200 pounds should always be careful when she falls from a fourth-story window not to put out her hands where they may come in contact with sharp things.

President Roosevelt has done one more great and notable thing in creating, by executive order, one of the greatest forest reservations on the globe—465,900 acres of timber land in southwestern Utah. Ninety per cent of the land already belonged to the United States government. The man who saves the trees is a public benefactor.

No simpleton ever bought gold brick without having in himself the seeds of avarice, the desire to get something for nothing. The action of the United States postoffice in shutting down upon many kinds of swindlers does good in quashing individual offenders, but still more good in warning the people against other offenders who feed on the credulous. Good sense and good principles among the people do more than statutes to defeat the sale of dangerous and foolish cure-alls and stock in mines which exist only on paper. The success of fraud is not so much a reflection on the statutes and those who administer them as upon the intelligence of thousands of citizens.

Rudyard Kipling has been condemning the American people as a race of money-makers. He uses some high-

sounding phrases. He seems to be very indignant. But, after all, he can accuse us only of succeeding eminently in what all the rest of the people of the earth are trying their best to do. In the open field of foreign trade we encounter just as keen competition as we give. The gravest public question in England, Germany, France and all the rest of the European countries is how to maintain and extend their trade and enlarge their opportunities for increasing the national wealth. Because we, through richer natural resources, shrewder business methods and higher skill in workmanship, beat them all at the general game, need there be ill-tempered accusations? To the sneer of hypocritical contempt we can placidly reply that England, France, Germany and all the rest are trying their best to be races of money-makers, but can't. We have the widest strip of the richest soil the sun shines on. We have the finest climate in the world. We have the most productive mines, wells, farms and factories ever grouped into one land. We have the richest supply of natural resources ever known to any people in any period of the world's history. We have gathered together here the best blood and brain and brawn of all the nations of the earth, and each individual man is broadened by general education and quickened and inspired by independence and opportunity. Indeed, with all our advantages, if we did not eminently succeed in the ambition that is universal among mankind we should be nincoms and nincompoops. The charge that we are a money-making people is quite true. But it is no reproach. It is unlikely that there was ever a day, or a place on the earth's surface, when and where such enormous sums of money passed about so freely as have recently been exchanged in the metropolises of this country. A messenger boy secures \$300,000 from a bank on a forged check and discovery of the staggering theft creates not a ripple of alarm on the serene financial sea. In an inner room at some very plain offices a very mild-mannered gentleman takes \$10,000,000 in certified checks from his pocket and passes them over to another. The almost fabulous sum is given out of a private fortune, which will not feel the loss, for the extension of higher education. About the same time a cab was rolling down Broadway from the City Hall to the City Bank and in it was an unnoticed little man bearing \$36,000,000, a part of the taxes paid in during the day. "Money makes money," is an old maxim. "To him that hath shall be given," is still another.

#### PLUCKY TEXAS GIRL.

Put Her Arms Around Wild Bear and Gave Him a Hug.

Bear hugging is an amusement which few people, especially young ladies, would care to indulge in, and it is seldom that one would have the chance to embrace a real live "bruin" in his native haunts even if he—or she—had the nerve and inclination to try it. The opportunity, however, came not long ago to Miss Bessie Wells, a pretty little Texas lass, who, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, startled W. D. Cameron, who happened to be with her at the time, by giving a full-grown cinnamon bear in Yellowstone Park a good squeeze around the neck. The bear, however, much to the relief of Miss Wells' companion, did not reciprocate the caress, although he seemed to enjoy it.

Miss Wells is the 15-year-old daughter of a wealthy cotton dealer of Austin, Tex. She is a beauty of the true Southern type, imbued with the daring spirit and nerve that so often are found in the Western plains girl, and is large for her age. Recently, with her father, her aunt and her grandfather, she started on a tour of the Northwest. The party visited Seattle a short time ago and from here went to Yellowstone Park. There they made the journey through the park in one of the wagons utilized for tourist travel.

A member of the party described Miss Wells' escapade as follows:

"Our party had stopped for the noon hour luncheon, and while the meal was being prepared Miss Wells and I started out to pick a few berries. We had gone but a short distance, when about 100 yards away we saw a large cinnamon bear browsing among the bushes. Knowing that all the animals in the park are more or less tame, we approached the bear. I held up my hand, and the bear, thinking that I had something for him to eat, stood on his hind feet and reached up, but, finding that he had been deceived, shook his head angrily and walked away. My young companion then ran back to the wagon and returned with a few cookies. Again we approached the bear and Miss Wells held one of the cookies out in her hand. The bear repeated the same performance he had gone through with me, but this time he found something. Miss Wells gradually drew back her hand while the bear was reaching for it until the animal's head was over her shoulder, and then, while he was eating the cookie, she reached around his neck with her other hand and hugged him tightly. My heart seemed to stop beating, but I dared not yell, for the animal would be startled and attack the girl. When he had finished eating the cookie, however, he merely dropped down on all fours again and sauntered off into the brush. In all my experiences I have never seen a more reckless or daring and even dangerous action by a young woman."

It is strange that to say a girl looks like a ghost is not considered a compliment; ghosts are angels.



Mother (who is teaching her child the alphabet)—Now, dearie, what comes after g? The Child—Whizz!—Ex.

"Where did you put the butter," said a lady to her colored girl. "Done put it in de freezerator, missus," was the answer.—Ex.

Naggsby—What an excellent carriage that young man has! Waggsby—Yep. He's a football coach.—Baltimore American.

He—They say people who marry soon grow to look alike. She—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—Chicago News.

Bobby (at dinner table)—Papa, can I have two pieces of pie? Papa—Sure; just cut the piece you have in two.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dashaway—Do you love that girl as much as you think you do? Cleverton—Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do.—Ex.

She—So you really imagine that smoking benefits you? He—I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.—Ex.

James—My lord, the carriage waits without. My Lord—Without what, James? James—Without any 'osses, my lord. It is the motor carriage.—Ex.

Customer—Those trousers are too short for my boy; he'd outgrow them in five weeks. Tailor—No danger; they won't last that long.—Chicago Journal.

"Why don't you get up and give that seat to your father, Bobby? Don't it pain you to see him reaching for a strap?" "Not on a street car."—Chicago News.

Jawback—My mother's cooking—Mrs. Jawback—Well, she deserves it. But I didn't think you'd acknowledge it so shortly after her death.—Cleveland Leader.

She—Are your poems improving any? He—I judge so. The editor used to give me ten seconds to get out of the office. Now he gives me fifteen.—Chicago News.

"How can a girl tell whether or not she is a man's affinity?" murmured Susie. "By looking him up in Bradstreet," replied Polly.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How much of an estate did he leave?" "It appears that he died neither rich nor poor. They estimate his estate at about two millions."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Newlywed—Well, Henry, how do you like my pies? Mr. Newlywed—Dearest, they are just like the pies that my father used to say were not like his mother used to make!—Ex.

Dumley—What they call preferred stock is the stock that pays dividends, isn't it? Wiseman—Not at all; but the stock that does pay dividends is always preferred.—Philadelphia Press.

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gas? Bronco Bill—Will it hurt if I don't? Dentist—It will. Bronco Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it.—Life.

"Thank you," she said, as he finally gave her his seat in the car, "it's almost impossible to stand on your feet." "That was because I kept pulling 'em out of your way, ma'am," he replied.—Ex.

George—Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed? John—Noah. George—You are wrong. Don't the Good Book tells us that Noah came forth; so there must have been three ahead of him.—New York Times.

Lumber Yard Lem—I hain't seen Weary Willie around lately. Seven League Saunders—No; he's disguised himself as a college professor an' livin' as one o' dem. He's gone to write a magazine article on dere lives an' habits.—Puck.

"Why do you want a divorce?" the judge asked. "Because I can't look at my wife without being tempted to commit suicide or murder." "What brought about this state of mind?" "She put moth balls in my cigar pocket."—"Petition granted."—Judge.

"Wasn't trying to commit suicide? Why, she jumped off the end of the pier into thirty feet of water and sank like a stone!" "I know, but she just explained to the man who rescued her that she had learned to swim at a correspondence school."—Houston Post.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Hiram Offen. "Well," replied the pretty servant maid, "the last couple I was with didn't agree." "Indeed? Why should their disagreements affect you?" "It was about me. The gentleman liked me, but she didn't."—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Stammerton—O! Vera!—er—that is, M—Miss Sere, I—er—lul—lul—Miss Sere (coily)—Yes, Mr. Stammerton, say it, don't be afraid. Mr. Stammerton—I'm afraid it's g—going to t—t—take me so lul—long to say it that you'd better remark 'This is so sudden' now.—Philadelphia Press.

"What a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogle, looking up from the letter in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except as an ornament? None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"—Boston Transcript.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## TRYING TO TEACH CHILDREN MUSIC.



One of the best posted music masters in Chicago estimates that over \$3,000,000 a year is absolutely wasted on music lessons for girls and boys who have neither liking nor aptitude for music. He figures that one in five girls in Chicago takes piano or voice lessons at some time in her career, and he declares that not one of 500 of these possess more than enough talent to drum out a popular air.

"The amount of money wasted in trying to teach music to children is something enormous," he says. "Naturally every parent wants his child to have some accomplishment, and when you speak of accomplishments for girls to nine out of ten fathers the only accomplishment they can think of is pounding a piano—and half of the fathers believe that any girl can play a piano if she takes lessons."

"There is a young woman who lives near me. She has no talent. Her father is a workman on a salary. For eight years he has been spending from \$300 to \$800 a year on music lessons for her. She could not learn to play well in two lifetimes. Her idea is to make noise. She cannot even keep time. She attempts anything and butchers it wonderfully. She could have learned to play just as well at home—because she never could be a musician, anyhow. I have upbraided her teacher for taking the money and not informing the family of the impossibility. 'I tried,' he said. 'They were insulted, and told me she would one day be a greater musician than myself. Some one would have taken the money, anyhow—so I have been taking it until my conscience hurts.'"

"The best way for a parent to do is to have some competent teacher—one recognized everywhere—to pass upon the child's possibilities. Then he should send the child only to the best teacher. There it will not only learn to play properly and develop its talents, but it will be money well expended. It will cost more per lesson, perhaps, but the limit of advancement will be reached sooner. And the parents will know when the education is as complete as the child's ability will permit."

## OIL BURNER TO REPLACE STEAM ENGINE.



The steam engine would not have lasted so long as it has but for the mechanical perfection of its design. The part it has played in the past in the development of our modern civilization was, of course, most important, but, if for two reasons only, it is doomed. It is clumsy; the energy it has made available for a thousand purposes is more than counterbalanced by the energy it has wasted. The problem appears a simple one. On the one hand we have the bottled sunlight which we call coal. On the other, we have a piece of machinery. In the furnace the coal and air are transformed into a mixture of hot gases, but the greater part of the heat of the gases and the whole of their volume goes up the chimney. The wastefulness of this proceeding is estimated at from 90 to 95 per cent.

We want a prime mover which will burn its fuel in the working cylinder. Its piston will be worked by the products of combustion as their volume increases and as they expand

## THE MIRACLE OF CHANGE.

Morn after morn the woods unfold  
Their tapestries of vivid gold  
How subtle and how strange  
This miracle of change!

Day after day across the swamp  
Encrimsoned banners toss their pomp;  
How fair beyond belief  
This pageant of the leaf!

Year after year on Youth's green page  
Are limned the ripening tints of Age;  
With what rich marvel life!  
This mystery of life!  
—New York Sun.

## THE GOOD ONE DOES.

FINE weather for hayin," said Eliakim Fairhaven. To his maternal nature, God's sunshine and grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessories to "a good crop."

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting.

"Yes," said she. "Who's that a-comin' up the path?"

"One of the new hands, I calc'late," said Eliakim, screwing his eyes. "I didn't agree to give him his supper and board into the bargain a night before the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of 9 years, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child!" said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress, "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Eliakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place."

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road—the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

They had walked what seemed to Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven.

"Eliakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas', and I cut down through the lots to overtake you. I

tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered, calmly—and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected.

"Where you going?" said kind Miss Fairhaven.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying my papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now! But I won't stay with him unless papa stays, too!"

"I suppose you want to get to Lousade?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort; "but I'll tell you what—I'll make Jacob get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats, you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back after Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'—I hain't no patience with that kind o' religion—and



"OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU."

while you're waitin' I'll bring down a snack o' bread and meal and a bottle of my currant wine. Tain't good to travel on an empty stomach."

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he had speckulated all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't care where—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages do you ask?" Poor Miss Comfort—the blank word wages called a rusty glow to her cheek.

against a steadily decreasing resistance. Or we look for a combustion engine burning, continuously oil and compressed air, keeping up high pressure in a gas chest, and driving a turbine with the products of the combustion used expansively as is now done with steam. At the world's fair, St. Louis, three Diesel engines drove the generators for power and light. They used 228 gallons of oil, and the cost of the day's fuel was less than \$8, working out at 1 cent for one horse power per four hours and forty minutes. They required three gallons of lubricating oil per day. Here we have efficiency much greater than in the ordinary steam engine. Time, no doubt, is required before we shall be within measurable reach of perfection. But it took 100 years to pass from a James Watt engine to a triple expansion Corliss.

## PARTISANSHIP IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.



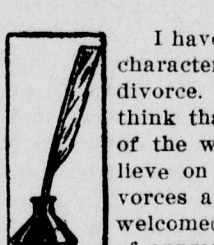
MAYOR WEAVER.

By Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia.

I have no panacea for municipal woes. On one point, however, I have reached a conclusion based upon recent experience, and that is that political partisanship is the enemy of good municipal government. All the sources of municipal degeneracy find shelter and breeding under the folds of the tents of partisanship. These camp followers of party are, in fact, not partisans at all—they are of no party and of all parties. They lay their eggs, cuckoo-like, in the nest of any triumphant party, but they follow surely in municipal government wherever partisanship rules therein.

Publicity, non-partisanship, vigilance—this is the trinity on which the gospel of municipal reform must be founded, and may God speed the day when they shall constitute the accepted faith of a free people.

## DIVORCE NOT AN UNQUALIFIED EVIL.



I have intimated that one of the distinguishing characteristics of modern times is the growth of divorce. A great many people are frightened and think that this is one of the "deplorable" fruits of the wider freedom granted to women. I believe on the whole that a larger number of divorces at the present time are altogether to be welcomed. They are almost always in the interests of oppressed women, giving them another opportunity for a free, sweet, wholesome life. There are cases where the divorce laws are abused, but not nearly as many as the frightened ministers of many of our churches seem to imagine.

Law does not make marriages. The church does not make marriages. Men and women, if they are ever married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to make a clumsy attempt to protect. All the church can do is to recognize and try to consecrate a fact which already exists.

But if there is no marriage then it is desecration to keep up the sham. If there are children, that complicates matters, but many times the woman is simply released from an intolerable, outrageous existence and given an opportunity once more to find something sweet and hopeful in the way of love and life.

"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponcau's, No. — Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person of your appearance would suit."

Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the Queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion.

The door swung open on its silver-plated hinges, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by a young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried out, ecstatically. "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whether. If it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now and be my darling old friend!"

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed, nominally a housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury.—Indianapolis Sun.

## A Chance to Escape.

When the Senator was a younger man than he is now he was elected to the State Assembly from his district. The day before the sessions began he went to the State capital. He wore his best clothes, the Philadelphia Public Ledger says, and carried so much luggage that its possession should have established his respectability beyond question. He went to a good hotel and registered.

As he stood in the office, talking with the proprietor, a porter took up one of his boxes so roughly that the lid came open and the contents rolled out on the floor. There were shirts and shoes and other personal belongings, and in addition a queer contrivance of ropes, a block and tackle and a big steel hook, which immediately attracted the proprietor's attention.

"What have you there?" he asked. "That," replied the young assemblyman, "is a newly invented fire-escape. I never travel without it. In case of fire I can let myself down from any hotel window, no matter how high it may be."

The landlord frowned. "Our terms for guests with fire-escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance," he said, coldly and firmly.

## A Complex Question.

"What was your name before you were married?" asked the Chicago census taker.

"Which time?" queried the lady.—Detroit Free Press.





**Primitive Ideas.**  
If boys had teeth like crocodiles, How terrible would be their smiles! How it would shock the human eye To see them eating apple pie.

If little girls had horns like deer, They surely would look very queer! And it would be a sad affair To see them doing up their hair.

If men had long legs like giraffes, No doubt it would cause many laughs; But what would be their dreadful plight Trying to lie in bed at night!

#### Novel Home-Made Toys.

One of the easiest things in the world to make is a toy elevator. They can be made as high as a table, so that toys may be lifted from the floor to a table, or only a few inches high. One thing only it is necessary to secure, and that is a pair of smooth sticks on which the elevator may slide. These sticks may be purchased at any hardware store. They are called dowels, are three feet long, and are of different thicknesses. One-fourth inch thick is the best size to use.

The elevator may be any small wooden box whose bottom is removed. One may be made of wood half an inch thick. The right size to make such a box would be four inches high and two inches wide. Screw four screw eyes into the sides through which the dowels will slide. Double-pointed tacks may be used if screw eyes are not available.

After the eyes are screwed in and the two dowels slid in place, stand it

together, and bore a hole through both. The hole must be one-quarter inch thick so that a dowel can be pushed through. Put the dowel in place, then nail both sides to the base of the elevator.

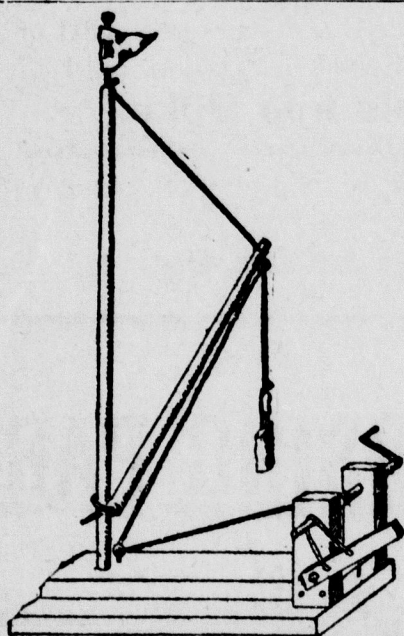
The crank is a hairpin. Straighten out a hairpin, heat one end and burn a hole through one end of the dowel, leave the end of the pin and bend the hairpin around the dowel two or three times. Put three screw eyes in the top of the elevator, and with a stout linen thread string it up as shown in the picture.

A derrick may be made out of a few pieces of wood in a comparatively short time. The best kind to make is one about a foot high made of dowels. The base of the derrick may be made of one or two pieces of wood, so that it will be solid and strong. Half-inch wood, like that found on the side of soap boxes, make the best. Make the base about six by eight inches.

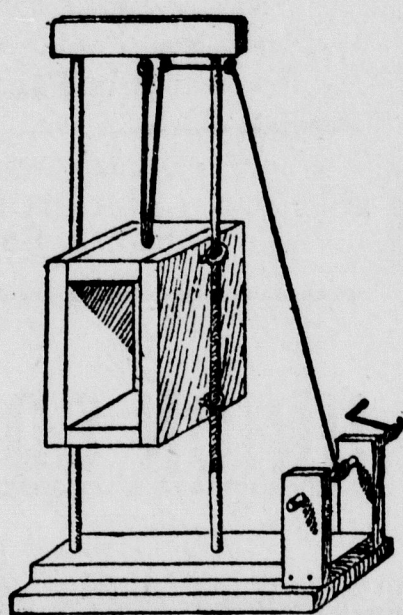
At one end bore a hole, and in it stick a dowel about a foot long. Cut another dowel about nine inches long, to be used as a boom. To fasten this to the mast is easy if directions are followed. Secure a ring and screw such as are used to fasten the string on roller shades. With a hairpin burn a hole in one end of the dowel and screw in the ring and screw. If this is not burnt in, the wood might split.

Tie a string from the boom to top of mast, in which a small nail has been put in a hole burned in the mast. To make the crank shaft and supports, cut two pieces of wood three inches long and an inch wide.

Hold them together and bore a hole in one end large enough to hold a short length of dowel. Nail these in place after the dowel has been put in place. The crank is made by straightening a hairpin, burning a hole with it in one end of the dowel, and leaving the end still in the hole, twist it around the dowel and into the form of a crank.



HOME-MADE ELEVATOR AND DERRICK COMPLETE.



upright, so that the dowels will rest on a baseboard. Make — marks where they rest, and bore two holes to hold them. The base may be made of one board about an inch thick, or two half-inch boards. It would be about six inches wide and eight inches long. The top can be made of one piece, about six inches long and an inch wide. Be careful to bore the holes in this piece just the right distance apart, or the elevator will not slide easily.

The windlass which is used to wind up the cords of the elevator has two sides made of thin wood three inches long and an inch wide. After they have been cut out, hold them tightly

A brake may be made by screwing a small stick on one side, as shown in the picture; place a loop over the dowel and fasten the ends on this stick. By pressing on this little stick, articles may be lowered from a table to a floor as fast as desired. A good hook may be made on the end of the lifting string by bending a hairpin into the correct shape.

#### Mamma's Monopoly.

"Say, paw," queried little Johnny Peck, "why do you wear whiskers? Haven't you any chin?"

"I guess not, my son," replied Peck, Sr. "Your mother seems to have it all."

#### INSECTS THAT ARE MUSICAL.

All Are Tenors—Males Are Always the Musicians.

Musical insects of the winged type may be divided into two groups: (1) Those which do not use their wings and (2) those which do, for the production of sound. Of the two, the latter species is by far the most numerous. A very curious fact is that all insects are tenors, deep bass voices being quite unknown; in addition to this, the males are always the performers, female insects being dumb—contenting themselves with stopping at home and looking after the children instead of standing at the front door singing like their lords and masters.

Many insects sing by day, such, for instance, as the chickadee, which, however, are not of the "violinist" type, as they play upon a series of hard plates attached to the abdomen, much in the same way as a Spanish dancer uses the castanets. Another insect of this type is the black field cricket, which has its home in a small, cave-like dwelling it prepares in the earth.

Other insects only sing by night—such, for instance, as the domestic and tree crickets, whose regular modulated notes are known to everyone. The apparatus used by these insects exactly resembles a violin, the abdomen being partially endowed with small bridge-like edges or ridges, against which the wings are rubbed, thus producing the strident note characteristic of the insect.

Other insects, such as locusts and their kin, have veritable bows covered with fine ridges and attached to the wings by two buttonlike growths. Others have cavities covered over with a fine membrane which serves the office of resonators; in almost all insects of this type there is a parchment-like part of the abdomen which acts as a kind of sounding board. Strange to say, many of these harmonious insects are deprived of hearing. Crickets, however, are an exception, as they have sharp ears and cease their vocal efforts at the sound of approaching footsteps. Some insects, although apparently deprived of any

means for the production of sound, are none the less capable of making a noise in the world. A notable instance of this is to be found in a locust residing in the euphonious name of *Microcentrum tetranevris*, which produces a short, monotonous note like two pieces of metal or flint rubbed together.

So far the field of insect voices has not been widely explored. It would be interesting to study them from the point of view of musical notation, and also to determine whether their song alters in any way according to season, hour of the day, age of the insect and meteorological conditions. —Scientific American.

#### No Demand.

It was not Mr. Graham's fault that his vacation began late in the season, but that it was his misfortune was proved more than once. He spent his holiday in a seaport village which has for some years grown in popularity as a summer resort.

He packed in great haste, and found on his arrival that certain necessary articles had been left behind. To therefore walked to the shop known as "Brown's Emporium," and expressed a desire to see their stock of combs.

With uplifted nose and leisurely step the young woman in charge produced two articles, one bright blue and the other deep red. The material was doubtful.

"We've got these two," said the young woman, indifferently, "but we don't have much call for summer novelties as late in the season as this, when the hotel is getting ready to close."

#### Blacklist of Drunkards.

All Honolulu drunkards have been officially blacklisted, so that they may be refused drink in the saloons. A correspondent states that "nearly all on the list are steamship men." But if Honolulu's blacklist does not work better than London's the mariners have no need for alarm.

Most men find it easier to get in debt than to get out, but some are unable to get in at all.

#### SOCIETY BELLE A SQUAW.

Daughter of Wealthy New-Yorker Is Wife of an Indian.

A daughter of one of New York's wealthiest and most widely known hotel men, wearing moccasins on her feet and a party-colored shawl over her shoulders and carrying a papoose strapped to her back—this is the curious spectacle that was pointed out to the thousands of seekers from all parts of the country who will go to Lander, Wyo., when the government opens the Shoshone Indian reservation to settlement next spring.

It doubtless is perfectly safe to say that there are few white women in the world who for mere love of man would give up New York for an Indian reservation 150 miles from a railroad, civilization for barbarism, wealth for poverty, silks and satins for the coarse apparel of a squaw, but that is precisely what Grace Wetherbee did. She did it, moreover, not for love of a white man of her own race, but for love of an Indian who is now her husband and the father of her child.

It is a strange tale, that of this daughter of a wealthy and widely known New Yorker and her red-skinned husband.

Grace Wetherbee's father was and still is one of the proprietors of the Manhattan hotel in New York City, which, until the Waldorf-Astoria was built, was the finest hotel in the metropolis.

Six years ago Miss Wetherbee came from New York out to Fort Washakie, eighteen miles east of Lander, to visit



IN HER NEW HOME.

the family of J. K. Moore, who was at that time post trader there.

At the home of Mr. Moore Miss Wetherbee met Sherman Coolidge, a full-blooded Arapahoe Indian, who was then and still is conducting a little Episcopal mission at the Shoshone reservation, a few miles from the fort.

It was a case of love at first sight, of that sort of love that laughs at locks and keys and defies the whole world.

Coolidge called frequently at the modest home of the post trader to see Miss Wetherbee and openly and boldly paid court to her. Nor did she discourage his suit, as most daughters of wealthy New York hotel men doubtless would have done. Contrarily, she encouraged it, and when, not long after the couple first met, he asked her to become his wife, she promptly and unhesitatingly consented.

The engagement was a brief one. Arrangements were promptly made for the nuptials. The young Indian missionary and the daughter of the wealthy New Yorker presented themselves before Rev. Mr. Roberts, who was conducting a little mission at the Shoshone reservation, and requested him to make them husband and wife. He declined to perform the marriage ceremony. Nothing daunted, the lovers thereupon set out by stage for Casper, nearly 200 miles distant from the fort, resolved to have the knot tied there. When Mr. Roberts saw, however, that they were determined to carry out their purpose to become husband and wife he relented, called them back and performed the ceremony at his home.

Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have lived happily together and a child has been born of their union—the papoose which the mother carries strapped to her back as squaws carry their infants.

Despite the fact that she is the daughter of a wealthy and cultivated New York man, despite the fact that she was reared amid the refinements of civilization and the luxuries of wealth, despite the fact that she was given all the educational and social advantages that money and the thoughtfulness of fond parents could supply, Mrs. Coolidge has fallen into many of the customs and become addicted to many of the habits of the red people among whom she has lived the last six years. —Chicago Chronicle.

#### Mammoth Ants.

The truth-teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They do not compare to the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but oc-

asionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long-bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.

#### AS TO DYNAMITE DANGERS.

Explosive May Be Handled Recklessly by Experienced Man.

"The recent railway accident at Harrisburg has brought out a vast amount of irresponsible talk about handling dynamite," said a contractor who had purchased tons of that explosive for blasting purposes. "The majority of persons who talk about dynamite have only a vague idea of what it is. Dynamite is not the dangerous substance it is popularly supposed to be. It may be handled with absolute recklessness by an experienced man and will not detonate except under well-defined circumstances. A detonation is about 1,000 times quicker than an explosion. Dynamite detonates. It does not explode."

Dynamite in its marketable form, in order to fit into drill holes, is shipped in sticks varying from half an inch or two inches in diameter and from three inches to one foot in length. In the early days of its manufacture, before its properties were fully understood, there were some unaccountable explosions that gave dynamite a bad name it has never recovered from. Time has made us wiser. There is no danger at all in children finding odds and ends of dynamite thrown away by careless workmen. A child would find a great deal of difficulty in exploding it. Every now and then we read of somebody receiving a supposed infernal machine containing dynamite, which is promptly immersed in water before it is opened. If it was really dynamite it would explode just as readily, under proper conditions, if it were in twenty feet of water.

"Dynamite is nitroglycerin held in an absorbent—wood pulp, coal dust or other material—that will hold the explosive tightly. It is a powder of a resinous nature, varying in color with the absorbent used. The strength is calculated by the amount of nitroglycerin absorbed by the carrier, varying all the way from 20 to 80 per cent."

"For commercial purposes stick dynamite is packed in twenty-five-pound or fifty-pound cases, with a liberal allowance of sawdust. It can be freighted or stored without danger, provided common intelligence and care be used. It is only when ignorant persons attempt to experiment with it that it becomes a powerful destroying agency. In some States its transportation by rail is governed by strict law. It should be so in every State. In New York and other cities its transportation through the streets is regulated by the fire commissioner. The police have nothing to do with it." —Buffalo Courier.

#### THE SECRET OF IT.

How the Old Lady Managed to Get Through Great Amount of Work.

The house held a merry family party. They were assembled to celebrate the birthday of Grandmother Birch, one of those delightful women who, lapping over into this day, retain all the vigor and virtues of a past generation.

In enviable health of mind and body, full of energy and interest in everything about her, the vivacious old lady was receiving the homage of a large circle of children and children-in-law, grand-children and grandchildren-in-law, not to mention two tiny great-grand-daughters.

In the course of the evening, while games engrossed the younger ones, the heroine of the occasion sat enthroned in a great chair, talking "old times" to an interested group of sons and sons-in-law. These gentlemen, successful in various callings, shapers also in their wives' perplexities and trials in the management of their extensive establishments, were struggling manfully with their imaginations to reproduce the condition of Grandmother Birch's younger days.

She had conducted her own household quite without hired help, besides being dressmaker and peacemaker, mentor and friend to her own family of nine children, as well as to the various orphaned nieces and nephews who found shelter in her hospitable home.

"Come, mother," finally exclaimed one of the sons-in-law, a dignified manufacturer, "tell us the secret of it! How could you do all that you did and yet keep sound and sane and happy, and now, at 75 years of age, shame us all with your spirit and vivid interest in life? Why, you make us all seem fagged out!"

"Why, I didn't do as much as some other women," said "mother" in deprecating modesty. But when they continued to demand the "secret," she reflected a little, and then said, with charming ingenuitiveness:

"Well, you see, I just did first one thing and then another."

The listeners gazed in admiring silence at the beautiful old woman. She misinterpreted their silence, was beginning to explain, when the manufacturer interrupted.

"Don't, mother!" he begged. "Don't spoil that perfect little autobiography. You 'just did first one thing and then another.' I intend to have those words framed and hung where every employee on my premises can see them. And," he added, finally, "I'll have a copy in my private office, too. And when I'm rushed to death, I'll remember to call a halt and just do first one thing and then another."



#### THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

A Time-Honored Institution Rapidly Disappearing.

In sweet October's shortening days When comes the purple, smoky haze Of many an Indian summer morn, When through the rustling blades of corn

The winsome winds of autumn play— No trace of winter, cold and gray— Then fancy takes a backward flight, Forgotten pleasures come to light, The fun and frolic, rigid rule, Of childhood's joy—the country school!

The course of study was not high. But small boys oft were made to sigh, With eyes upon the dog-eared book, Not daring otherwheres to look: "The rule of three" they pondered o'er, And sadly mused on Webster's lore; McGuffey's Readers were the joy Of every story-loving boy— The teacher at his desk and stool Was czar and sultan in the school!

But minds oppress'd would soon rebound, When came the call of "fox and hound," And "townball" had its devotees, Who scorned all games that proffered ease;

With laughing eye and rosy cheek The girls would play at "hide and seek." When "books" were called with tinkling bell

A thirsty crowd stood round the well, Waiting their parched lips to cool Before the grind of country school!

Where are the boys who played with me In long gone days of "used to be?" Ah, some are sleeping, calm and still, By Salem church—on Goshen hill! And some are living, brave and strong, To lift their voice against all wrong, And in the pulpit or the pew Uphold the good, stand by the true— Thank God for all—the kindly rule, And lessons learned in country school! —J. S. Cheavens, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Before long, the dodo itself will not be more extinct than the old time country school. As a people we have had a mania for multiplying school-houses. We dotted on a landscape well



SPELLING BEE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

#### A CHESS VILLAGE.

In a plain of the Harz Mountains, a few miles distant from the quaint old town of Halberstadt, Germany, lies the village of Strobeck. The history of Strobeck and its people has for hundreds of years been associated with the game of chess. It is a veritable chess village, says the Royal Magazine, a nursery garden for that ancient game.

From earliest childhood the boys and girls are made familiar with board and men. At school chess is treated as an obligatory subject, and is taught systematically. As soon as pupils have mastered the moves and the rules of the game, they are encouraged to undertake the solution of chess problems and to invent new ones, just as an English schoolboy is set to making Latin verse.

At Easter there are chess examinations and tournaments among the school children. Three awards of honor in the shape of chess-boards bearing the inscription, "The Reward of Industry," are given by the village community. These tournaments are attended by lovers of chess from far and near. During the last half-century several chess congresses of wide interest have also been held at Strobeck.

From a very early time the Strobeckers have had the privilege of challenging to a game of chess any prince or nobleman or exalted personage who happens to pass through their village. In the year 1651 the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg was challenged in this way, and in memory of the event presented to the villagers a carved board and a set of silver chessmen, still preserved.

How chess became the ruling passion of Strobeck has never been ascertained, but the legend most generally believed sets forth that in the eleventh century a famous political prisoner was confined in an ancient tower which still stands in the center of the village. Time hung heavy on his hands, and being a lover of chess, he

supplied with them. People were never too hoarse to cheer a certain Indiana superintendent who, for his part, was never too hoarse to shout his ambition to equip all Hosiendom with "a schoolhouse at every crossroads." Somebody else's pet slogan was: "A church on every hilltop and a schoolhouse in every valley."

Maybe it was the other way round. But the proportion was the same. And the general idea was that, if it rained schoolhouses one day, the millennium might be expected the next day or, at the furthest, the day after.

That's all changed. Country schools are being shut up by the score. But don't get excited. The young idea is not being deprived of its right to shoot. On the contrary, it is at last receiving just as good a chance along that line as used to be the exclusive privilege of town children.

This is the way it is done. Take anywhere from two to a dozen spindling, tottering, half dead country schools. There are thousands of them. Throughout the East the rural school population has dwindled to half what it used to be. One reason is the movement toward the cities. Another is that the degree and kind of learning handed out in these familiar little old buildings wasn't able to bring a child within less than long distance communication with an education.

Under the new system all of these scratch-scrabble schools in a township are closed. If there already exists a graded school within the township, the country pupils are taken back and forth between their homes and the school, the cost of their transportation being paid out of the school fund of the township. The result is that the country children have the same advantages as those in town. And the cost to the township is less.—Utica Globe.

begged for a set of men. None was to be had. Then the prisoner carved a set for himself.

But he must have antagonists. One by one his warders learned the game. The peasants of the village were taking turns to guard him. Soon they all knew how to play, and all became enthusiasts.

#### Dangers of Peace.

Johnny Ralston was a very good boy, declares Answers, but he had one fault which it seemed impossible for his mother to overcome; he would fight with other boys. He had been reprovved, and at last Johnny had made a faithful promise that he would battle no more.

That very evening he returned from school with a cut cheek and a swollen nose.

"Johnny," said his mother, "you promised me this morning that you would not fight again."

"But I haven't been fighting, ma. This is an accident."

"An accident?"

"Yes, ma. I was sitting on Tommy Biggs, and I forgot to hold his feet."

#### Afghan Justice.

In a native irregular force raised by an Afghan chieftain the following amusing incident took place: A man was brought before the chief for stealing a shirt, and this is how the case proceeded:

Chief (to prisoner)—You are charged with stealing a shirt.

First Witness—Your honor, it was my shirt.

Second Witness—I saw him steal the shirt, your honor.

Result—Prisoner ten days for stealing the shirt, first witness ten days for not looking after the shirt better and second witness ten days for not minding his own business.

#### Nat's Latest Failure.

"I notice that Nat Goodwin has scored a failure in 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

"Which did Nat play?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Many a man who professes to love his enemies more than balances the account by hating his friends.



# THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
**E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.**

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| SUBSCRIPTION RATES.       |        |
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1906.

The popularity of President Roosevelt is worldwide. Pope Pius X has directed his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, to get for him a collection of President Roosevelt's messages and speeches and have them translated into Italian. The Pope wishes to make a study of President Roosevelt's views in connection with an important document on social problems which the Pontiff is about to prepare.

Section No. 27 of the County Government gives the Board of Supervisors the right to tax dogs. This particular locality has a plethora of dogs. A tax would reduce the number within reasonable bounds. No man will object to paying a dollar or two annually on a good dog. If all the dogs good and ungood in this town paid a tax of one dollar per capita, the fund would be large enough to maintain a town government.

We are in receipt of a letter from the State Board of Charities and Corrections requesting our views as to the best means of dealing with vagrants, tramps and other transient misdemeanants. The Enterprise defined its position on this subject in 1897. We are in favor of long terms in the County Jail for "vags" and tramps, coupled with eight hours breaking rock or doing some other honest work every day, except Sundays, during imprisonment. A term, be it long or short, in the County Jail, with plenty to eat and nothing to do, as a punishment for vagrancy, is worse than a farce; it is paying a premium to promote the evil in question. The primal order: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is a good, wholesome rule for all mankind. Work is a good medicine for every one, and the vag should be required to take his regular dose while in the custody of "The People of the State of California."

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

With this issue the Enterprise concludes its work for the year; we are pleased to note its increased circulation. While the publication has a standing with its readers and is welcomed in the home, we heartily thank subscribers and advertisers for the support given.

Our prospects for the future are bright, having put our hands to the plough it is not our intention to look back, only so far as it is necessary to gather strength for future work. Here we have a wide field and splendid opportunities, of which it will be our aim to take every advantage. Our State, the finest in the Union; San Mateo, the finest county in the State, and of South San Francisco we cannot in fairness say less, than it presents the finest opportunities for improvement and advancement that can be found anywhere, and we believe in the old adage, "keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

A word to advertisers will not be out of place. We want your help. If you have made your business a success it has been through judicious advertising. If your business venture has not proved equal to anticipation, advertise and make it so. It is surprising what a drop of printer's ink will do for you. Then support the Enterprise. Take the opportunity to commence in the first issue of 1907. It's a good thing, is an ad in the Enterprise. Then push it along. The years of a newspaper man are few and full of trouble, and even for these few years he needs the support of not only the reading but the advertising public.

Thanking subscribers and advertisers for their kind consideration in the past, we trust the future will prove mutually pleasant and profitable. We therefore take this opportunity to wish you one and all a happy and prosperous New Year.

## ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.  
An equable and healthful climate.  
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the va-

rious wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

Last week Congress declared a recess until January 4th. Many of the members returned to their homes to spend the holidays.

Representative Williams of Mississippi introduced a bill to place on the free list beams, angle irons, rivets, shaftings, propellers, castings and other material imported for use in the construction of American ships.

A joint resolution providing for the acceptance of the recession of Yosemite Valley was introduced by Senator Perkins. The resolution recites the action of the California Legislature in receding the valley and Sequoia big tree grove, defines the boundaries and accepts recession on the part of the United States. It is expected the resolution will soon pass Congress.

The following postmasters have been appointed for California: At Ball, Siskiyou county, Allie Short; at Bay-side, Humboldt county, Benjamin E. Barwise. Daniel Cartwright was appointed rural carrier at Oleander, Cal., and Richard L. Hammer, substitute.

The jury in the case of William G. Crawford, the former deputy auditor for the Postoffice Department, who was indicted on a charge of conspiracy with August W. Machen and George E. Lorenz to defraud the United States in connection with a contract for supplying the Postoffice Department with letter carriers' satchels, has returned a verdict of guilty.

Representative McKinlay has introduced a bill appropriating \$10,000 to be used by the Department of Agriculture in conducting experiments in co-operation with the California experiment station for the eradication of the pear blight.

A number of bills which have passed the Senate in previous sessions but which failed in the House or in conference, were reintroduced by Senator Perkins. They were: For continuing the work of the snag boats on the Sacramento, Feather and San Joaquin rivers, \$50,000 per annum; quarters for lightkeepers, Cape Mendocino, \$5000; fog signal for Humboldt bay, \$15,000; keepers' double dwelling, Point Bonita, \$15,000; light-house, Santa Barbara landing, \$7500; light and fog signal, Red Rock, San Francisco bay, \$30,000; tender for Twelfth lighthouse district, \$135,000; light and fog signal, Point Cabrillo, \$50,000; revenue cutter, Honolulu, \$225,000; life-saving station, Half-moon bay; rostrum at Presidio Cemetery, \$5000; improvement of Presidio grounds, \$25,000.

By a vote of 7 to 5 the House Committee on Ways and Means reported favorably on the Payne bill admitting all Philippine products into the United States free excepting sugar and tobacco, which are to pay 25 per cent of the Dingley rates until 1909, when they are also to go on the free list. Two amendments were made to the measures originally introduced in the House by Payne. At the suggestion of Representative Hill of Connecticut a provision was added that all American sugar and tobacco are to be admitted into the Philippines free of duty, and a new section was added which provides that no Philippine products now in warehouses in the United States shall be exempt from duties under the proposed measure.

## Sheriff Killed by Maniac.

Santa Rosa.—A frightful tragedy was enacted in the courtroom of Judge White in the Superior Court at Ukiah last week, when Frank Willard, under examination for insanity, suddenly drew a pistol from his bosom, shot Sheriff J. Henry Smith dead and then emptied the remaining charges in his revolver at Judge White as he sat upon the bench. Fortunately the shots aimed at the Judge flew wide of the mark, but Sheriff Smith was killed instantly, the bullet entering his mouth. The murderer ran down the stairs and through the town, taking refuge in Vichy Springs canyon, where he was later captured by an armed posse and returned to the jail. When Willard was first brought up from Hopland to be examined for insanity and placed in the jail, it seems that he was not searched as it was not supposed that he was armed. Sheriff Smith was one of the most popular men in the county and leaves a wife and four children.

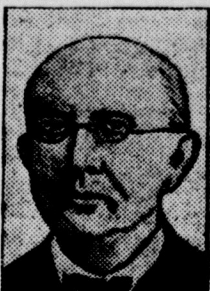
## New Post for Yamagata.

Tokio.—Field Marshal Yamagata has been appointed president of the Privy Council.

## RESIGNS IN DISGUST.

Granting of Constitution in Russia Retires Gerat Reactionary.

One result of the Czar's manifesto granting a reform government to Russia has been the resignation of M. Pobledonostseff, the head of the Holy Synod, and the fiercest opponent of liberalism in the empire. This implacable enemy to everything progressive was born in 1827. While professor of civil law in the Moscow University he was the tutor of the sons of Alexander II. In 1872 he became a member of the Council of the Empire, the body, which, with the Czar, has been ruling Russia, and in 1880 he was advanced to the post of chief procurator of the Holy Synod. This position is practically the connecting link between the Russian Orthodox Church and the Czar.



POBLEDONOSTSEFF.

In the early years of the reign of Alexander II. there was a strong movement to replace many of the old and barbarous institutions in Russia by the more liberal ideas of western Europe, but M. Pobledonostseff strongly opposed all the innovations, maintaining that none of them would be applicable to Russia and Russian ideas. He always set his face steadily against parliamentary methods of administration, modern judicial organization, trial by jury, freedom of the press and secular education.

Probably there was no man in Russia more cordially detested by so many people as M. Pobledonostseff. He always opposed by every means in his power any liberalization of the civil or religious institutions of Russia, but he was at least sincere. He believed implicitly that Russia was destined to dominate the globe, and frequently said: "Russia is not a state; Russia is a world."

For a quarter of a century M. Pobledonostseff dominated the Council of the empire by his overwhelming personality. None of the ministers could withstand the crushing force of his arguments, and his victories were countless. M. Pobledonostseff practically received his political deathblow when the imperial ukase was issued, striking the shackles from religion. What made it all the more bitter was the fact that it synchronized with the anniversary of his jubilee as procurator general of the Holy Synod.

## SELECT HOSPITAL PALACES.

House Surgeon Wears Evening Dress—Everything in Style.

When fashionable men or women go into a private hospital of the present-day type it does not mean that they must put the things of their own world behind them. There is little of the ordinary simplicity of furnishing that one associates with the word hospital in these institutions, says the New York Press, nor is there a prevalence of white walls and the odor of iodine. Nor do the doctors and nurse surgeons dress in the uniform or the ordinary garb of the average interne.

A first visit to one of the best-known private hospitals in this city must necessarily be something in the nature of a shock to one who knows only the big public institutions of this kind. In place of wide, empty, sun-lighted halls, with hardwood floors, the visitor will see such a dimly lighted interior as he might expect to find in a smart dwelling house. There are costly rugs on the floor, handsome grilles and silken portieres in the doorways. The reception room is also furnished with beautiful rugs, attractive easy chairs and tables on which is a litter of beautifully bound books of all sorts, to say nothing of a profusion of the latest novels.

No dog-eared back numbers of cheap magazines or uninteresting technical monthlies are in sight. Waiting is made as agreeable as possible, so far as the eye is concerned, by the harmonious hanging on the walls and the rare bits of porcelain and pottery that are placed about on convenient shelves and recesses.

Across the hall from the reception room the visitor may catch a glimpse of the dining room of the staff of house surgeons—a perfect gem of an apartment from the masculine point of view. Indeed, it is that characteristic touch of the man in all these decorations that somehow gives to these interiors a savor of being a stage setting. It is such an interior as you might see at the Empire Theater during the run of a modern society play.

A further comforting touch of the correct social atmosphere is furnished to smart inmates of this hospital by the head house surgeon, who invariably makes his round of calls after 6 o'clock in evening dress. He does not shirk his responsibilities in this line by slipping into a dinner jacket. He goes to the extreme of a white waistcoat, with his claw hammer, and as he is a decidedly handsome man the whole effect of his presence is extremely soothing to his feminine patients.

Of course, all of these things go into the patient's bills, though they are not itemized. A young New York woman who had to go to this private hospital for five weeks received a bill for that time of \$546.35. When she got it she looked it over and remarked: "The \$546 is bad enough, but that 35 cents is positively cruel."

There is but one land in which all men and women enjoy equal rights, and that is dreamland.

## LITERARY LITTLE BITS

A belated commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Bronte occurred a short time ago, six months after the right date, in the rebuilt church at Haworth, the address being made by Ernest de Selincourt.

A book which Little, Brown & Co. publish deserves a paragraph because of the great age of its author, Mrs. Frances Alexander, who has translated from the Italian the 120 miracle stories and sacred legends which make up "Il Libro d'Oro," is in her ninety-third year. Mrs. Alexander's home is in Florence, Italy.

The Williamsons' first and most famous motor-car novel, "The Lightning Conductor," has gone into the twenty-second edition. Now it is to be dramatized for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, who will take the leading parts. Harry B. Smith is to condense the varied scenes of the novel into three acts. Of course an automobile is destined to be as essential a part of stage outfits as a piano to the concert stage.

Charles H. Caffin, author of a number of books and essays on art, especially the art pictorial, is of English birth and parentage, and a graduate of Oxford. The Columbian exposition drew him to this country, and he was associated with the decoration department of that great fair. Since 1897 his home has been in New York city, where he is known as art critic, lecturer and writer. He is also the American editor of The Studio.

The heroine of Charles Clark Munn's new novel, the title of which has just been changed from "Chlip" to "The Girl from Tim's Place," and the locality where the events of the story occur are not inventions, but are out of real life. "Tim's Place" is in the wilderness of northern Maine, where Mr. Munn, on a hunting trip, found a beautiful young girl employed by the owner, and very cruelly treated, being compelled to go barefooted and to wear men's cast-off clothing instead of the proper dress of her sex.

Herman Heaton, of Amherst, Mass., is an ardent admirer of Thackeray, as may be inferred from the fact that he has a "Thackeray corner" that is the envy of his friends and fellow collectors. Besides a number of fine portraits of the great novelist, he has about 125 volumes, some of which are bibliographic treasures. There is a copy of the famous "Flora et Zephyr," picked up some years ago for a dollar. The "Daily" copy sold for \$850, which was not considered an exorbitant price. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" was bought two years ago for \$650. The copy is flawless, with the original paper covers. This edition has sold for \$300. Another treasure of the corner is an autograph letter of Thackeray's which has never been published.

## Grave of a Humble Dog.

It is not only the aristocratic dog or the pampered pet of luxury which, dying these days, has a tombstone raised to its memory, says the Philadelphia Record. On the steep bank overlooking Pennypack creek, within the bounds of the house of correction grounds, is the grave of "Joe," a dog which was known and loved by all the inmates of that institution.

Joe was no dog of high degree; in fact, he was what is known as a board-yard dog, and he was so long a resident of the place where he died that no one remembers how he came there. There is a tradition, however, that he first appeared there many years ago, draggled and worn, as though he had wandered far in search of his master, and, finding that master there, he camped on the spot. However this may be, Joe was the prisoners' friend. Whatever had been the shortcomings or evil doings of the people he found there, he never assumed any attitude of criticism or dissent toward them, and his sunny presence was given impartially to the cheering of many a lonely hour. Joe died of old age at the house of correction in 1901, and the little grave he was buried in is still kept green and blooming by the inmates, with flowers which they get from the walks or green-houses. The little wooden headstone bears the inscription, also the work of one of the inmates: "In Memory of Our Dog, Joe. Died Jan. 24, 1901."

## A Natural Query.

A Boston citizen, while passing down Tremont street not long ago, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. One of the first things he did, after being taken home and put to bed was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case. He called and received five crisp, new \$100 bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked. "Two thousand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand, and you give me \$500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

## Dear to His Heart.

"Will you have another helping?" asked the neighbor. "You seem very fond of our chicken."

"And why shouldn't I be," responded Suburban, who had been invited to dinner, "when I can detect the flavor of our flowers in every morsel?"—Detroit Tribune.

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## ABOUT FIRE INSURANCE

IMPORTANT TO  
POLICY HOLDERS

Read Carefully, then Cut Out and Paste on  
"the Back of Your Fire Insurance Policy."

## At and After a Fire.

Instruct the insured:  
To save all he can.  
To care for, clean up, dry out and air the saved property.  
To keep an account of all expenses incurred in caring for saved property, and charge to the loss.  
To keep open and continue business as if there were no insurance; he must not close his doors and wait for an adjuster.  
That the Insurance Company will not take care of or take possession of his premises or of his saved property.  
That any loss caused by his negligence to protect and care for his property at or after a fire is not covered by the insurance contract; and  
That all of the value of the property saved belongs to the insured, and all of the loss and loss expenses thereon up to the face of the policy is chargeable to the insurance.  
Many small companies have been weakened by the Baltimore fire.  
The policies of my companies are conflagration proof.  
I represent strong companies only.  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Agent.

## South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

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**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.**

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.



## TOWN NEWS

1906

Start right.  
Happy New Year!  
The laggard gets left.  
Put your money in town lots.  
It is better to do than to resolve.  
Watch and see this young city grow.  
Get a home and get independence.

Mrs. J. N. Waters has returned from her Eastern visit.

Bob Sylvia of San Bruno was in town Wednesday.

Antone Martin has bought lot No. 73 in block No. 97.

The Mason cottage on Commercial avenue is enclosed.

Miss Ella Fox of Hanford is visiting relatives at this place.

The new Hyland cottage on Linden avenue is approaching completion.

Mrs. Dayen will begin work on a new cottage in block 99 next week.

Mrs. E. Michenfelder of San Francisco was a visitor here Wednesday.

All the factories at the water front are running full handed and on full time.

Mr. W. J. Martin ate his Christmas dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

E. C. Collins and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wood.

Fred Du Bois is up from San Mateo spending Christmas with the home folks.

The recent rains have delayed building operations in and about town.

The Board of Supervisors will hold their regular monthly meeting on Monday.

C. E. Stahl has begun work on his handsome new two-story residence in block 94.

Mr. Frank O. Clawson has his new residence on Baden avenue, in block No. 97, enclosed.

The poles and wires of the Standard Electric Company have been removed from Lux avenue.

Mr. Erwin Fox, brother of Mrs. E. N. Brown, was up spending the holidays with relatives here.

Talk and work for your home town. Try to build it up. Help your home industries and they will help you.

Mr. Albert Horner, a friend of the Martins, is here to spend the holidays. Mr. Horner's home is in the Hawaiian islands.

The Enterprise has received from U. S. Senator Geo. C. Perkins 100 packages of garden seed for distribution. First come, first served.

Property while under construction covered by policy of fire insurance without cost to contractor or owner. Enquire of E. E. Cunningham.

Why pay rent? Buy a home and let the rent pay for it. Two four-room cottages for sale on easy monthly payments. Enquire of T. H. Burns.

P. Hultberg, brother-in-law of P. Lind, has come here to make his home. He will be employed in the Lind meat market as assistant to Mr. Lind.

Old Santa Claus called on the children of the M. E. church at Butchers' Hall Saturday evening. All had a good time and pronounced Santa a fine old fellow.

The W. P. Fuller Co. has shut down its steam plant for repairs and meantime is taking power from the So. S. F. Power and Light Company for their entire works.

Ex-Supervisor McEvoy of Menlo Park is down with a severe illness, the result of a blood vessel bursting. He will be kept in bed for some time. —San Mateo Leader.

The citizens of our town all enjoyed themselves Christmas. There were many little home gatherings and our people would not be sorry to see Christmas come again.

Mr. J. O'Connors, who has been in this place for many years, but is now at San Bruno, says he has to be on the alert and keep cool, as he handles about fifty trains each day.

Pound No. 2 has been established and opened at the residence of the undersigned near the Lux Ranch House.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

A vicious dog bit Mr. John Quan in the leg Wednesday as Mr. Quan was walking along the street. There are too many worthless curs running at large. A dog tax would thin them out.

Get ready to begin the New Year exactly right. Review the year passed and cut out all that has hindered or injured your work. Make up your plans and then carry them out to the letter.

The lumber is on the ground and work has begun on the new planing mill for the So. S. F. Mill and Lumber Co. The mill will be on the south side of Baden avenue, opposite the Linden Hotel.

The rush in the express business has been tremendous the last two weeks. Our popular express agent, C. L. Kauffmann, has handled it admirably and is now looking for new worlds to conquer.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Ed Pike did himself and our town proud on Christmas with his artistic display at his So. S. F. Meat Market. The decorations were elaborate and as fine as you could find in the big city markets.

The beautiful rains which have fallen within the last few weeks are worth a great deal to California. Gardeners and fruit growers especially are benefited. The grass is beginning to grow and dairymen will be relieved for a while, as feed and water

will be abundant. Considering the present condition of all lines of business, the coming year promises to be the cap sheaf of all the prosperous ones we have just passed through.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The ladies of the Guild have let contract to have Guild Hall lathed and plastered. The improvement is made to add to the comfort of the school children, the hall being at present leased by the School Trustees for school purposes.

Within a few days the contract for the new M. E. church will be let. Let the good work go on. Within the last two months over twenty homes have been built. The new bank building is about completed. This building campaign is a good one and bids fair to continue.

The South San Francisco Lumber Company has incorporated and the name has been changed to the South San Francisco Mill and Lumber Company. They expect to soon install machinery for planing and dressing lumber and will then be in shape to fill all orders right here in their yards.

The San Mateo Leader is authority for the statement that the electric railroad from San Jose to San Mateo is a reality and that construction work will begin soon. The road will be double-tracked and connect at San Mateo with the United Railroads, making a continuous line from San Jose to San Francisco.

There is a regular, steady, permanent demand in this town for small dwelling houses and cottages. Some time, some one with money to invest, will see and seize the opportunity offered here, for a good safe investment and will buy ground and build a series of neat modern cottages, and offer them for sale or rent. There will be plenty of takers.

A small cottage neatly painted with a well kept lawn is more attractive than a mansion in disorder. Nothing adds so much to the appearance of a city as beautiful lawns and ornamental trees. An ornamental tree is just as easily grown and every one planted adds to the value of your property. Now is the time to plant trees. Work for the good of yourself by working for the good of your town. Beautify your homes, beautify your city and make your home town a good place in which to live. Every dollar spent in this way is well spent and makes the world better.

Subscribe for the Enterprise. Every family in town should take and read the home paper. It is at work week in and week out, from year to year, working constantly for the upbuilding of your town. It records all the daily and weekly happenings, chronicles the weddings, births and deaths in and at your homes. It tells of the new homes built, the balls, routs and entertainments occurring; of your joys and your sorrows. It is your historian, biographer, guide, philosopher and friend. You should not be without it. Send or give us your name and let us send you the Enterprise.

No one can correctly read the future of this place. With the number of factories we now have and the many contemplating coming here, we will soon be the largest city in this county. The completion of the Bay Shore will give us first class mail and passenger service. Another important factor which many do not consider is that we now have a fairly good deep-water harbor, and with the coming spring we expect to see the harbor deepened and improved. A number of large firms have been looking the ground over and no doubt will begin operations within a few months. A place with the natural advantages that we have, within a few minutes ride of the city, cannot long remain dormant. Our citizens are aware of this fact and many are preparing for the big growth which is upon us.

MAN OVERBOARD BUT WORK CONTINUES

Nothing stops operations on the Ocean Shore line. For instance, last week while a gang of men and teams were engaged in removing a bluff overhanging the ocean near Point San Pedro, a man and two mules lost their footing and fell to the water below, a distance of 200 feet. Under ordinary circumstances work would have been suspended and an effort made to save the man at least. Our informant states, however, that the accident did not result in a cessation of operations for one second, but that the crew continued their work and ton upon ton of earth and rocks were thrown overboard, and whether the man and mules were killed by the fall or smothered by the mass of material dumped upon them will probably never be known. The name of the unfortunate is not known. —San Mateo Leader.

RANCH BRINGS \$100,500.

It is reported that the Johnston ranch of some 500 acres, owned by County Clerk J. F. Johnston of Redwood City, has been sold for \$100,500. The place lies a half mile to the south of Halfmoon Bay, bounded on the west by the Purissima road and on the north by Johnston's lane and the Higgins' canyon road. The greater portion of it is uncultivated hill land. —Coast Advocate.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.

R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

NOTICE.

Owners of unimproved stock are hereby notified that in case of my absence from the Pound they can obtain their stock by applying at the stockyards office and paying charges.

A. T. SHERMAN, Poundkeeper.

## BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

I have for sale for a short time only the following choice property, at very reasonable prices. Now is the time to invest. Prices are constantly advancing.

Two lots, 100x140, south side of Grand avenue, in block 117.  
One choice lot, 50x140 feet, south side Grand avenue, block 101.  
Two fine lots, 100x140, north side of Miller avenue, block 126.

Three very fine lots, 180x140 feet, fronting three streets in block No. 134. Very desirable for cutting up into cottage lots.

All of above property on sewered streets, water pipes to lot line.

For prices and particulars enquire of E. E. Cunningham, Postoffice Building.

## FOR RENT.

A modern 8-room house, sanitary plumbing, chicken yard, \$15 per month, at Millbrae.  
CHAS. G. OSTWALD.

## NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

## REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

## Thousands Near Starvation in Japan.

Tokio.—An eye witness of the extent of the famine in the northeast provinces, who has just returned, reports the condition of the people to be really deplorable. The advent of winter has found thousands on the verge of starvation, and speedy relief alone will save them. Measures of relief will be vigorously taken up here and assistance from sympathizers abroad will be welcome.

## Irving's Estate Left to His Two Sons.

London.—The will of Sir Henry Irving, it is understood, leaves two-thirds of his estate, which consists solely of the \$100,000 realized at the recent sale of his theatrical relics, art works and library, to his two sons, Henry B. and Laurence Irving. At the time of the sale of Sir Henry Irving's effects it was understood that the proceeds would go to the actors' benevolent fund.

## Big Bond Issue Planned.

New York.—Stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company authorized the directors of the company to issue \$150,000,000 in convertible bonds. The money is to be used in extensions and betterments of the system.

## DR. I. W. LETCHER

Will Do Dental Work

at Residence of

J. H. KELLY

on Grand Avenue

Wednesday and Friday

Evenings

and  
Sunday

between 10 and 12 a. m.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan

Association.

Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,  
Redwood City, Cal.

CHAS. YOUNG

Sanitary Plumber  
and Gas Fitter

Jobbing of all kinds promptly  
attended to.

Leave orders at

Post Office Box 56,

South San Francisco,

Phone Main 49. San Mateo Co., Cal.

## MARKET REPORT.

CATT. E.—Cattle market firm at present prices. Shipments coming principally from Nevada.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Market strong with small offerings.

HOGS.—Strong at 1/4 over last week.

PROVISIONS.—Provisions are in fair demand.

LIVESTOCK.—Prices quoted are per pound for all the cattle weigh alive delivered and weighed on San Francisco market.

CATTLE.—No. 1 Steers, 3 1/2@3 3/4; 2nd quality, 3@3 1/4; Thin Steers, 2 1/2@2 3/4; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 2 1/2@2 3/4; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 2 1/4@2 1/2; third quality, 2@2 1/4.

HOGS.—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs. 6c; over 250 to 350 lbs. 5 1/2c; rough undesirable hogs, 4@4 1/4; hogs weighing under 130 lbs. 5 1/2c.

SHEEP.—No. 1 Wethers, 4 1/4@4 1/2; No. 1 Ewes, 3 3/4@4 1/4; Lambs, 5@5 1/2 gross weight.

CALVES.—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 4 1/2@5; over 250 lbs. 3 1/2@4 1/2.

FRESH MEAT.—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF.—Market firm.—First quality steers, 3 1/2@5 1/2; second quality, 4 1/2@5 1/4; third quality 4 1/2; thin steers, 4@4 1/4; first quality cows and heifers, 5@5 1/4; second quality, 4 1/2@5c; third quality, 4c.

VEAL.—Large, 6 1/2@7c; medium, 7 1/2@8c; small, good, 8 1/2@9 1/2c.

MUTTON.—Market firm.—Wethers, heavy, 8@9c; light, 9 1/2@10c; Heavy Ewes, 7@8c; Light Ewes, 8 1/2@9c; Suckling Lambs, 10@11c.

DRESSED HOGS.—Hard, 8 1/2@9c.

PROVISIONS.—Hams, 12@13 1/4; picnic hams, 9 1/4; Boiled Hams, skin on, 18c; skin off, 19 1/2c.

BACON.—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16 1/2c; light S. C. bacon, 16c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12 1/4c; clear light bacon, 14c; clear ex. light bacon, 14 1/2c.

BEEF.—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf. bbl, \$6.00; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.50; hf. bbl, \$6.25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$11.50; do, hf. bbl, \$6.25.

PORK.—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10 1/2c; do, light, 10 1/4c; do, Bellies, 12c; Clear, bbls., \$19.00; hf. bbls., \$10.00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf. bbls., \$5.00; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; ribs, \$1.25.

LARD.—Prices are \$ 1/2 lbs. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 6 1/4 6 1/4 6 1/4 6 1/4 6 1/4 Cal. pure 9 1/4 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS.—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.30; 1s \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.30; 1s, \$1.30.

PRIMROSE SALAD OIL.—Tins, about 50 gallons, \$ 43 gallon 5 gallon tins—1 per case 48 "

1 " " 10 " " " 63 " "

1/2 " " 20 " " " 68 " "

Quart Bottles 12 " " " 1 95 dozen

Pint " 24 " " " 1 05 "

1/2 pint " 36 " " " 90 " "

Opposite the Cemeteries

Has been purchased by

JOHN CLIFFORD

The past high reputation

of this well-known

house will be maintained.

The Finest Liquors and Cigars and a First

Class Table Will Be Made a Specialty

The Patronage of the

Public is respectfully

solicited.

JOHN CLIFFORD, Proprietor

McMahon House - - - Mission Road

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This is the Only Store

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Sells

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;

Boots and Shoes;

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;

Crockery and Agate Ware;

Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call

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M. W. SILK, AGENT

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South San Francisco

BREWRIES

—AND—

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## BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

General Banking Business — Interest Paid on Term Deposits.

Paid-up Capital, \$50,000.00.

Surplus, \$5,000.00

## THE TEST OF STABILITY

Ample Capital is not the only test of a strong bank. The disposition of the resources, the character of the officers, and the directorate also count largely. Our investments are without risk; our policy guided by ability and honesty.

## OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

|   |   |
|---|---|
| P. N. LILIENTHAL, President<br>Mgr. Anglo-California Bank.      | EDWARD TILDEN,<br>Chicago.                        |
| LEROY HOUGH, Vice-President<br>Mgr. Western Meat Co.            | C. M. MACFARLANE,<br>Chicago.                     |
| W. J. MARTIN, Secretary<br>Land Agt., So. S. F. Land & Imp. Co. | HENRY J. CROCKER,<br>San Francisco.               |
| M. E. GLUCKSMAN, Cashier<br>So. San Francisco.                  | E. R. LILIENTHAL,<br>Pres. Crown Distilleries Co. |

## SAN MATEO BANK

San Mateo, Cal.

|                               |              |
|-------------------------------|--------------|
| AUTHORIZED CAPITAL            | \$200,000.00 |
| SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL            | 100,000.00   |
| PAID UP CAPITAL               | 50,000.00    |
| SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS | 2,500.00     |

OFFICERS: J. J. FAGAN, President and Cashier; ROBERT WISNOM, Vice President; HENRY W. HAGEN, Assistant Cashier.  
DIRECTORS: J. J. Fagan, E. A. Husing, Robert Wisnom, J. H. Coleman, A. P. Giannini, Andrea Sbarboro, Geo. W. Dickie.

A General Banking Exchange, Loan and Collection Business Transacted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange Bought and Sold. Interest Paid on Savings Deposits on any amount from \$5.00 up. Safety Deposit Boxes to rent at 25 Cents per Month.

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We invite the public to investigate our tremendous stock of

General Merchandise

Upon investigation you will find that we are in line to do business with you. Our stock consists of

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Gents' Furnishings

Boots and Shoes

Hardware

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J. L. DEBENEDETTI

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Fine Tailoring and Ready Made Clothing

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

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Residence, corner Grand and Spruce avenues.

South San Francisco Lumber Co.

FRANK KNOWLES, Manager

Pine and Redwood Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Lime and Cement always on hand



## FIREMEN OF A CITY.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ALARM COMES IN.

Alertness with Which the Several Companies of Fire Fighters Respond—Methods of Noting Alarms—A Peep Into the Department.

An alarm of fire! How much this suggests to the mind—the fright, the confusion, the destruction of property, the possible loss of life—the puffing engines and the shouting men! How the blood tingles as after the clang of the fire bell comes the sharp sound of the engine gong, its iron voice crying a jargon of warning! What excitement it causes! Truckmen hastily drive their wagons to the curb; street cars are brought to a halt and pedestrians leap nimbly aside. Then down the street, under clouds of rolling black smoke, comes the fire engine. The plunging horses are going like mad and the glistening body of the apparatus sways from side to side with the terrific speed. Leaning far out from his little iron seat, the daring driver urges the maddened horses to even greater speed. With a roar and a clang the engine flies by. In the distance there is the wild ringing of the bell on the aerial truck. Three magnificent horses plunging along at top speed and behind them the monster hook and ladder careening along with its sides lined with men! Far down under the ladders, hunched up in his seat of iron, is the tillerman, who steers this monster apparatus. Upon him depends the safety of all his comrades. No use for the driver to handle his horses with the hands of a master if the steersman lose his head for a single instant. In the tillerman's seat must be a man with a calm head and nerves of iron. Amid the swaying and lurching, the crashing and yelling, his eyes never waver from the driver. A sharp turn to the right, he holds his tiller steady until the ladders have straightened out on the turn, and then he tugs with might and main to twist the rear wheels into their new path. Then the long dash—straight away, with his watching, waiting for the next turn, and above him the tireless bell, crashing out its warning.

It is an inspiring sight—this watching firemen answering an alarm, but how many realize the intricate agencies which start these great machines almost on the instant of the call? Let us step into a fire house and become acquainted. The first thing we notice after glancing at the shining apparatus and the great alarm gong, are the books in orderly array in a desk. The most important book is the house journal, which contains a record of alarms of fire received, whether this particular company is called or not, and the exact moment they are received. The movements of the officers and men are also recorded here, the hour and minute of their leaving quarters each day for meals, and the time of their return and an entry is made of any event pertaining to the workings of the department which might have to be referred to later.

### Tracing an Alarm.

Let us trace an alarm. This leads us into the mysteries of the fire alarm telegraph system, without which the science of fire-fighting to-day would be utterly inadequate. A barn is discovered on fire. The owner runs to the nearest box. He opens the door and pulls down the lever on the inside once. Then what does he hear? Only the buzzing of machinery at first, then "ting," on a little bell inside. A pause and then, "ting, ting,



PLAYING ON BURNING RUINS.

wagons were at the fire, together with 25 or 30 men—a small fire department in itself.

Let us now return to a fire house and see how these alarms are received. Near the door of every house is located a small desk, and at this a fireman sits. Nearby, somewhere on the apparatus floor, another fireman may be found cleaning out the horses' stalls, or keeping bright the metal work on the swinging harness, but ready in an instant to assist in "hitching up," should a call or an alarm come ringing out from the array of instruments ranged along the wall near the desk. The man sitting at the desk is the "man-on-watch," who notes the alarms. Just before the alarm sounds on the great gong there is a sharp click which, to the ordinary listener,

They need no command, but are on their feet even before the fireman calls and rattle out of their stalls and under the swinging harness. Snap, snap go the collars about their necks, and then the bit snaps on each side are locked in an instant. Thud, thud! come the men sliding down the pole and striking the rubber pads placed below. Bounding to the apparatus they scramble into their various places. The driver has jumped to his seat on the engine and snaps the belt in place that holds him there, the engineer and fireman also spring on the engine in the rear. The former snatches up a long cube of carbon-like substance which the wind cannot blow out and as he clears the house lights it and throws it into the fire



HOOK AND LADDER APPARATUS RESPONDING TO A CALL.

would not be noticed at all, but to the quick ear of the man on watch and the equally well-trained ears of the horses, there need be no second stroke to tell that an alarm will follow. This click is caused by the opening of the electric circuit in which the station is located.

Near the gong a clock registers, by the use of magnets, the time the alarm is received. On each side of the stalls

box which is piled with excelsior and wood. There is steam up on the engine constantly, as it is connected by pipes with a boiler in the basement from which the hot water is secured. As the engine pulls away from the floor pipes a valve in the latter is automatically closed and the water from the boiler below turned into a sewer. Almost instantly it seems everything is ready and the driver leaning forward and taking up the reins gives a slight pull toward him. This pull releases a catch in the iron framework that holds up the harness, and this frame flies up to the ceiling, letting the harness fall on the backs of the horses. The man on watch shouts

ure or ceremony, he is punctual, not only to the hour, but to the minute—it might almost be said to the second. And yet His Majesty is never seen to consult a watch. But his familiars know that his habit of passing his hand along his flowing beard is only a device for glancing at a small watch which he wears fastened to his wrist.

### Talked Too Much.

For saying that the Kaiser had an "ugly face," Mathias Rohrmann, of Phalsbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, has been sent to prison for two months.

Dress some men up in feminine apparel and you couldn't tell them from women.

the number of the box and its locality to the driver, who pulls a cord above him, the big doors slide open—and the engine dashes off to the fire.—Utica, N. Y., Globe.

### NEW NORTH POLE EXPLORER.

"Musher" Will Be There First When Gold Stampede Is Started.

There is a popular belief in the extreme northwest that the north pole will be discovered by a musher, and not by any scientific polar expedition. This belief is based on the conviction that a gold stampede will eventually be started toward north latitude 90 degrees, and that mushers will rush in where arctic explorers have feared to tread. So completely unknown to fame is this newcomer in the race for the pole that to the majority of people the name suggests nothing but cereal breakfast food.

Gilbert Parker, the novelist, who finds his most congenial theme in French-Canadian life, has made his readers familiar with "Marche-t'en!" the cry with which drivers of dog teams urge forward their panting animals. French-Canadian trappers were among the earliest white men in the far northwest, and American prospectors on the Yukon soon learned to goad their dogs on with the same cry, without, however, understanding the French, which, in their mouths, was rapidly corrupted to "Mushon!" to this day an Alaska dog driver's equivalent for "Gee up!"

Dog drivers generally run with the team and therefore from "Mush-on" has come the noun musher, used all over Alaska and the Yukon territory to designate a trailman. The musher is generally prospector, stamper and trailman all rolled into one, and Alaska trails are such uncertain quantities that he has frequently to make his own precedents over newly frozen sea and trackless snow. The musher achieves most of his stampeding to new gold fields during the arctic winter, for then the rigid sea becomes a highway and mighty rivers need no bridging.—Sunset Magazine.

### A King's Punctuality.

All men agree in the abstract that "punctuality is the soul of business," but few act up to the maxim with the strictness of the King of the Belgians. Wherever or however he may travel, whether the visit be of business, pleas-

## A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Henry Rutgers was one of those many graduates of King's (afterward Columbia) College who fought in the



war of the revolution for the sake of their country. He served as a captain in the American army at the battle of White Plains, and subsequently was a colonel of the militia. During the British occupation of the city of New York his house was used as a barracks and hospital.

During the entire HENRY RUTGERS, conduct of the war the generosity of Col. Rutgers enabled the Americans to accomplish many things that the lack of financial aid had hitherto prevented them from doing. Rutgers was always public-spirited, giving money after the close of the war for the foundation of schools, churches and various charities and donating the land in New York City for the opening of several streets.

When the war of 1812 threatened the country, Rutgers called a meeting to devise measures for the protection of the city. He himself contributed nearly all the money that was used in erecting the defenses for the city. During all the time that the war was in progress he duplicated his philanthropic and patriotic acts of the revolution.

On a smaller scale, because he did not have the abundant means of the

other, and not for any lack of inclination, Rutgers was another William Morris. He was one of those citizens who formed the bulwark of the nation in its inception, one of the pillars of the State.

### Pearls 'Die' in the Dark.

That pearls "die" in obscurity and retain their luster and value when worn frequently is a fact that has always to be borne in mind by the owners of jewels.

The statement that a historical pearl necklace in the Louvre, originally worth \$100,000, is rapidly depreciating did not in the least surprise the manager of a well-known firm of jewelers. "Pearls," he said, "must be worn frequently to preserve them. If you take a pearl necklace and lock it up you will find that in the course of years the pearls become dull and lose the sheen that makes them so valuable. Heirlooms which have been carefully treasured will sometimes be found to have deteriorated in this way. They lose their glow and in some instances become almost black. Pearl necklaces never keep so well as when they are constantly on the necks of their owners."

"It has been suggested that personal influences have something to do with the matter, but I think it is more likely that the effect is due to light and air. You can wear pearls practically as long as you like, certainly for fifty years, and they would give no indication of change, and you might lock pearls up and in perhaps twenty years they would show signs of 'dying.' There are, however, ways of resuscitating pearls, but the fact that they 'die' is quite clear."

### Natural Mistake.

"I was coming down from Evanston the other day," said a Market street business man, "and as the train stopped at Ravenswood an elderly woman all fixed for travel got aboard. When the conductor came along she gave up her ticket and he looked at it with wondering eyes. 'Madam,' he said, 'this is a half ticket.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I know it.' 'But you cannot ride on it.' 'Why can't I? I'm only going one way; I came up on the trolley.' It took the conductor a long time to convince the woman that half tickets were for youngsters below the age of 12 years, and even after she had been convinced she seemed to feel that there was something wrong somewhere."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Cost of Crowns.

The lightest of European crowns is the State crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria. Although it weighed only 2 pounds 7 ounces, its value is \$300,000. One enormous sapphire came from the signet of Edward the Confessor. In the Pope's treasure house are two crowns which are valued at \$400,000. One of them was the gift of Napoleon to Pius VII, and contains the largest emerald in the world. The other, the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to Pius IX, weighs three pounds, and is worth \$205,000.

Why Automobile Goggles Are Worn. Rodney—Why do you automobile men wear goggles?

Sidney—If I tell you you'll tell.

Rodney—Never, honor bright!

Sidney—Well, it's to hide that scared look in our eyes.—Harper's Bazar.

### Times May Be Better.

It has been decided to admit Jews as students into the University of Moscow. Russia will probably have an easier time in raising money now.

### Tipping an Evil.

It is held in Germany that the tipping evil has led to the bribery method which is so vexatious to business men.



The Mutual Life should be renamed "The McCurdy Living."—Atlanta Journal.

All friends of free government should unite to advise and assist the people of Russia.—Dallas News.

Making Billy Loeb official purveyor of all government news is rather a late adoption of the Russian method.—Pittsburg Post.

Our Audubon societies have now succeeded in getting every sort of bird pretty well protected except the stork.—New York Mail.

President McCall says that there are two sides to the insurance business, but he seems to hate awfully to show the inside.—Atlanta Journal.

Now that "Pat" Crowe is safe in jail, there hardly seems to be any reason for retaining the Omaha police force.—Kansas City Times.

The Czar is handing out pardons as freely as a candidate gives away election cigars. And his object is the same—to win popular favor.—Kansas City Journal.

As we understand it, the public would have been willing to forgive Pat Crowe if only he had kidnapped Mr. John A. McCall or Mr. Richard A. McCurdy.—Atlanta Journal.

Also it should be borne in mind that if irritated too much McCall, McCurdy et al. may decide next time just to let the blamed old country go to the bow-wows.—Indianapolis News.

Robert A. McCurdy says a life insurance company is an eleemosynary institution. This intimates that the policy holder will get his dividends in heaven.—Des Moines News.

Arizona preachers want a clause in the State constitution making prohibition perpetual. At that rate the balance of Arizona probably won't want statehood.—Atlanta Journal.

Goldwin Smith, to encourage matrimony, believes that two votes should be given to every married man. Now what has the woman suffragist to say to that?—Houston Chronicle.

Minneapolis is a well-advertised town, but the recrudescence of Doo Ames is not one of the advertisements to which the thoughtful citizens point with pride.—Duluth News Tribune.

It is no doubt interesting to Mr. Bryan to learn that had he been elected in 1896 or 1900 it would have been a great joke on the companies in which he was insured.—Kansas City Star.

The cotton growers have shown the Wall streeters that they can do something despite the money they have up there. The South is getting to be fine on "showing."—Columbus (Ga.) Ledger.

It is announced that the cashier of the Enterprise Bank at Pittsburg left a confession, and the depositors will at once proceed to feel glad that something is left.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

A Kansas man who invested \$7,500 in a farm cleared up a net profit of \$5,600 in two years. Almost, but not quite, as good as being president of a life insurance company.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

It is important not to forget that the grafter is a grafter, first, last and always, and that he calls himself a Democrat or a Republican merely as a matter of convenience.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An exchange remarks that in all his 80 years of successful life Uncle Russell Sage has never been accused of handing out tainted money to churches and charitable organizations.—Duluth News and Tribune.

Joseph H. Choate tells us that we are working too hard and too fast and doing too much. He would probably be jogging along at the same clip as the rest of us if he needed the money as badly.—Buffalo Times.

Cabinet officers have been instructed by the President not to talk to reporters. And there are four Presidential aspirants in the Cabinet fairly bursting to tell the public the things they are doing. Cruelty could not go to greater length.—Milwaukee News.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington, of New York, says that one is not authorized to assume that there are any "female angels," while the fact is that every man has known one female angel, and many men have known dozens, while no man has ever come across a male angel.—Louisville Post.

Paul Morton contends that publicity is the only certain cure for corporate evils. In a few years the newspapers will be printing certificates like this from prominent trust magnates: "The doctors could do nothing for me. I was run down and nearly all in, when chance put me next to a bottle of your celebrated keep-it-before-people remedy. I do not hesitate to say that it saved my constitution and by-laws."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Friends of President McCall of the New York Life say he is a poor man and in debt. If that be true, Mr. McCall ought to ask those friends to kick him. He was simply a fool to waste all the money he got.—Birmingham Ledger.

The story that Cole Younger, the ex-bandit, had reformed was premature, and now, alas! is not likely ever to come true. He has secured a street railway franchise and started out to bond and otherwise exploit it.—Portland Oregonian.



THREE-HORSE ENGINE ON ITS WAY TO A BLAZE.

ting, ting, ting." Another pause, then "ting, ting,"—1-5-2, the number of the box. This is repeated several times in quick succession and then the buzzing stops. The alarm has been sent. It may seem an age to the owner of the burning premises as he stands there waiting for the firemen to appear, but it is a matter of only a few minutes. For within twenty seconds this box number is ringing in all the fire houses, and within one minute and a half after he releases the lever the companies are on their way to the box. He waits a couple of minutes. Soon there appear from all sides apparatus from the fire houses in the district. The man at the box indicates by pointing the location of the fire and the driver of the first engine to arrive, who knows the hydrants in his district as well as he knows the boxes, runs his horses to a hydrant nearly opposite the fire. The first company to arrive dashes into the barn with a hose. Then others come up and the fire is soon extinguished. In reviewing the events following the pulling of box 1-5-2 we find that within three minutes an engine and truck company were on the scene and that within three more, another engine, the chemical, aerial truck and several hose

for the horses there is a sliding bolt to which is fastened the halter-strap that keeps the horses in their stalls. These bolts are operated by switches located near the man on watch, which when worked releases the horses and opens the doors.

### When an Alarm Comes.

A light is burning brightly beside the desk. Inside the railed inclosure a fireman is sitting. Maybe he is dozing. If he is, he is sleeping with one eye open. In the rear in one of the stalls another fireman, pitchfork in hand, is shaking up and arranging the straw that forms the bed for the horses. A few passersby stop for a moment and peer in through the doorway at the spick-and-span apparatus always in perfect order. Already some of the horses are down on their haunches nibbling the hay and preparing to go to sleep. Overhead in the "bunk-room" the men are preparing to "turn in," but a few in one corner linger to watch an interesting game of checkers.

Click—one stroke on the instrument, followed by a succession of others. The man at the desk springs to his feet and shouts "get up," at the same time throwing the switch; the lever flies up, the horses are released,



WATER TOWER IN USE.



# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

# INQUIRIES

It is part of the work of the Secretary of the San Francisco Business College to answer truthfully all questions asked by any one interested in business college work. If you are contemplating a course either now or in the future and wish any information regarding the cost, future opportunities, or anything else pertaining to your work do not hesitate to write us.

The San Francisco Business College is recognized as the leading business training institution on the coast. During the past year nearly one thousand calls have been made on our employment department for our graduates. Our influence is growing and we feel safe in saying we can place fifteen hundred young people in good paying positions during the next twelve months, if we can get energetic, enthusiastic, honorable, young people.

Are you going to be one of them? At this time next year will you have secured a thorough training and be in a position where advancement is assured, or will you be plodding along as you are today? The matter rests with you.

Hundreds of San Francisco's most successful business men were, a few years ago, in just the condition you are today. They had the ability but were untrained. We gave them the training and started them in the business world by placing them in positions from which they have advanced to positions of trust and profit. We can do as well for you. Write for a catalogue.

## SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS COLLEGE

A. S. Weaver, Secretary.

738 MISSION STREET - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

### The Empire of Dollars.

Wall Street is the capital of the Empire of Dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its duels, its cabals, and its camarillas; and, like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotism—"wolf honor"—which brings its citizens together, at times, in defense of the dollar and of property rights.

The Empire of Dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those "nice bankers who 'financed' the Crusades. We do not like to think of those Wall Street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our Civil War, when the nation needed gold.—Success Magazine.

### The Earth's Area.

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,984 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 53,000,000 square miles Pillsbury's Vitos has made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

### Libel.

Guy—Do you see this suite of rooms? Here is where the business women meet to talk business.

Gunner—You don't say! What kind of business do they talk?

Guy—Everybody's.

## Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

### When the Boss Takes It Easy.

Conducting a business is like rolling a huge boulder up a hill. The moment you cease to push it, the moment you take your shoulder from it and think you will rest and take it easy, the boulder begins to crowd back upon you, and, if you are not careful, it will either run over and crush you, or get away from you altogether and go to the bottom with a crash. It is necessary to be everlastingly pushing, following up the boulder, keeping it going, in order to get it to the top of the hill.

One of the greatest dangers of early prosperity in any line is a tendency to relax effort. Many a man ceases to grow when his salary is raised, or when he is advanced to a higher position. Many a business man, after he has built up a large business, ceases to exert himself; and the moment he pauses in his campaign of pushing and struggling, the moment he begins to relax in giving his close personal attention, his business ceases to advance, and fatal dry-rot sets in—one of the worst diseases that can seize on any individual or concern.

The man who attempts to run a business, large or small, must keep his finger constantly on its pulse, in order to detect any rise or fall of temperature, any irregularity, or any jar in the machinery. When the head of a firm is trying to take it easy, there is usually trouble somewhere.—Success Magazine.

### Fish that Change Color.

Among the curious observations made by students at the Bermuda Biological Station is that some of the inhabitants of the water there are able to imitate the color of the rocks and reefs among which they swim. The common fish called the grouper possess this power. Its chromatic variability runs through a considerable range of colors. A specimen of the octopus vulgaris, after jerking an oar from the hand of an inquisitive naturalist, escaped pursuit by its ability to imitate the exact shade of any brown or gray rock on which it rested.

Robt. F. Gallagher, expert Court Reporter for over 20 years, who holds the world's record for shorthand writing, teaches shorthand by mail. Learn shorthand at home, then come to the city, secure a position as stenographer and attend evening school for book-keeping and business training. Don't waste your opportunities; employ your leisure time to best advantage. Send for catalogue of Gallagher-Marsh Business College, 381 Market St., San Francisco, for full particulars. This college turns out more clever stenographers than all other business colleges in California combined. Don't delay, write today—now!

### Rather Heavy.

He—That young woman from Boston seems to weigh every word she says.

She—Yes. It's a wonder she doesn't break the scales.



"When I was a young feller I 'most gen'rally wore out my overalls at the knees an' my calluses was all on my hands," remarked the old man to the farm assistant. "Now, I take notus, when there's any patchin' to be done it's on the seat of a man's britches an' the rest of the wear an' tear seems to come on his head. It's all labor-savin' inventions—contrapshuns to save a feller trouble. S'pose it's all right, but it ain't the way I was raised. Look at you, now."

"What's the trouble with me, Uncle Dave?" asked the assistant.

"Well, you may be all right; I don't say you ain't," said the old man. "On'y when you came to my son's huntin' a job what did you do? You got out that there diploma you got from the State Agricultural College an' commenced gassin' about centrifugal separators an' electric stimulation of plant life an' nutritive ratios an' permanganate o' potash an' such like. An' John, 'stid o' sizin' you up to see whether you was stout enough to do a good man's work an' findin' out whether you knew enough to feed a cow 'thout founderin' it an' keep sober when you went after the mail, asks you if you can run a gasoline engine an' what experience you've had with soil analysis. Gosh! Then you get the job. There ain't no farm hands any more. There's engineers an' biologists an' chemists an' electricians, but there ain't no farmers."

"It's different, that's all," said the assistant. "We get the crops just the same, but we do it easier."

"That's the p'int I'm makin'," said the old man. "You do it easier. You set on a self-harvester-binder-thrasher-sacker an' go 'thout a field o' grain 'thout doin' a lick more 'n pushin' a button or pullin' a lever, an' then you think you're smart because you done it easy. Look at you. I c'd wrastle you, collar 'n elbow, or any holds you like an' wipe the ground with you, as old as I am. I could lick you with one hand tied behind me. I bet I can pitch two loads of hay afore you could one—but you'd rig up a derrick an' a portable automatic hay fork an' save time an' do it easier. Time! Ain't you got all the time there is? You git out an' saw wood, instead o' gettin' a steam engine to do it, an' your back'll be the better for it. Pump water for the stock an' let the wind do the work the Lord intended an' you'll raise some muscle on your arm. Pitch your own hay an' git a chest on you; holler across a ten-acre field an' improve your

lungs, instid o' settin' down to a taller phone."

"You aren't against the use of machinery, are you, Uncle Dave?" asked the assistant.

"No, I ain't agin machinery. That's all right up to a certain p'int, but the p'int is that you're runnin' it into the ground. Look at the advertisements in the papers. All o' 'em to save trouble. Why waste time stroppin' a razor? Why trouble to cook? Use the self-actin' this an' the already-prepared that, an' the automatic t'other. Don't you fool away time chawin' your vittles; eat the predigested health food that will save your stummick trouble. Don't use the legs that you've been walkin' with; ride, an' save the wear an' tear on 'em, or stay at home an' press a button or write a postcard an' have what you want brought to you. We kin furnish you anythin' you've a mind to mention quicker an' cheaper an' easier than you kin do it yourself by the old-fashioned methods. Ain't that it? You bet it is."

"I tell you if this idee o' havin' everythin' done easy an' without any trouble goes on there won't be no use o' livin' an' we'll all git to be the orneriest, triflin'est, shiftledest set o' people on the face of the aithr. That's my judgment. I may be mistaken an' it may be all right to take life easy, but that ain't my notion of it. I don't feel natural with a lot o' machinery sown 'n' cultivatin' an' reapin' an' marketin' an' storthin' an' puffin' an' explodin' all over the place. Life wasn't meant to be too easy. There ain't no satisfaction to me to do anythin' if it's too blame easy. I like to go up against a hard proposition an' beat it out. I don't want a machine deputized to do my fightin' for me an' set back in an easy chair an' watch it done. I'll use my head with the next man, but I want to use my hands, too, an' the rest o' my body. By jinks, they've even got contraptions for makin' fishin' easy."

"I don't want to sit on a traction engine to do my plowin'. I want to have my two fists a-holt of the plow handles an' feel as if I was a-rippin' the sod up myself. I want to straddle the clods an' cuss at the horses an' dodge the stumps and in other ways work my body as well as my head. I want to push the saw an' swing the ax an' shoulder the sacks o' taters an' hoist 'em into the wagon. I'm a man an' not jest a swell-headed thinkin' machine—or I used to be."

"It's a case of 'used to be' all around," said the assistant.—Chicago Daily News.

## Topic Times

Swedish physicians say whistling will do much toward the development of a robust physical frame.

The cost of firing one shot from one of Uncle Sam's sixteen-inch guns equals the pay of a private soldier for five years.

The Epworth League of Springfield (Ill.) district will support a missionary in Borneo, and is raising \$1,000 for that purpose.

The Christian Endeavor has now 67,003 societies. This is an increase of 231 since the convention held in Baltimore in July.

Statistics of prisons show that twelve men to one woman are imprisoned in this country. In France the proportion is five to one.

California is said to have the smallest horse in the world. It is only twenty-two inches high and weighs seventy pounds when shod.

The Russian government has arranged to commence a service of motor cars in the Persian districts of Tabriz, Hamadan and Kazvin.

In Norwich, England, 16,000 out of the 22,000 houses are fitted with gas stoves, and the number is growing at the rate of eighty or ninety a week.

L. C. Currier, justice of peace, Barstow, Cal., has been caught stealing ice and hams from railroad cars and selling them to a Chinese restaurant keeper.

Nothing goes to waste in France. Even the smallest twigs are carefully gathered by the fagot makers, whose bunches retail in town and city for 5 cents apiece.

The Rev. H. Olin Cady, now of Evanston, Ill., who has been connected with Methodist missions in west China for the last nineteen years, has been retired with a pension by the board of managers of the missionary society.

While Albert Rogers was working in a chair suspended by a rope on board a ship in San Francisco Bay a workman above him dropped a red-hot rivet, which burned the rope through and precipitated Rogers into the cold, to his serious injury.

The late Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, Cal., conceived and first carried out the modern method of long distance transmission of electric energy for power and light by carrying electricity to his city, twenty-two miles, from water power at Folsom.

The Rev. P. Bonvin, S. J., the eminent musician of Canisius College,

Buffalo, has written a new mass, the manuscript of which was submitted to Rome for approval, and at once received the imprimatur of the committee of cardinals having the matter in charge.

A. W. Bash, who is agent in China for the China Investment and Construction Company, an American corporation, and has been in the Orient for twelve years, said to a reporter in Tacoma the other day: "Just now no concessions can be had in China for love or money."

Discovering a bag in the streets of Sydney, Australia, a man took it to the police station, where it was found to contain gold and banknotes to the value of \$850, and subsequently a hatless old man, a lunatic, who was wandering aimlessly through the streets, was found to be the owner.

Commenting on George Bernard Shaw's whiskers, a recent critic remarked: "There are many things for which a man may not be censured, but his whiskers are his own fault." Shaw has a set which diffuses itself all over his collar and shoulders, and makes it impossible to determine whether he wears a collar and shirt.

An ingenious respiratory apparatus for the use of firemen has been invented by Charles E. Chapin, of Berkeley, Cal. It consists of a hood lined with oiled silk to cover the head, and an air cylinder which is strapped on the back. The cylinder is divided into three chambers, carrying under a pressure that can be regulated enough air to last an hour.

To appreciate the dignity of the net-maker's profession one needs to know the sacredness of the fishing net, and the protection which the law affords. At Gloucester they used to quarantine a town stricken with smallpox by placing fishing nets about it, for the legal penalty for disturbing the nets was so great that no one dared to break through.

### Professor of the Non-Existent.

A friend of the poet Joaquin Miller says that he was once conversing with a learned professor who was visiting California.

To the poet's query, "What do you do?" the professor answered that he held the chair of metaphysics and logic at a New England university.

Whereupon the venerable Miller, with an encouraging smile, reassuringly patted the professor on the shoulder. "Logic and metaphysics, eh? Well, I suppose we must have people to look after these things, even if they don't exist."

Life is not so bad for the man who meanders down the path leading to eternity hand in hand with a sympathetic woman.

# BLOOD POISON THE BLACK FLAG

The black flag is an emblem of horror and dread. When it is hoisted by an army, the order has gone forth that "no quarter" will be given, everything must be destroyed. Helpless women and children, as well as opposing soldiers, meet the same fate, and a trail of desolation, suffering and death is left behind. Contagious Blood Poison is the black flag of the great army of disease. This vile disorder is known as the blackest and most hideous of all human afflictions, overthrowing its victims and crushing out the life. It is no respecter of persons; no matter how pure the blood may be or how innocently the disease is contracted, when this awful virus enters the circulation the hideous, hateful and humiliating symptoms begin to appear, and the sufferer feels that his very presence is polluting and contaminating. Usually the first sign of the disease is a little sore or ulcer, but as the blood becomes more deeply poisoned the severer symptoms are manifested, the mouth and throat ulcerate, the glands in the groins swell, a red rash breaks out on the body, the hair and eyebrows come out, and often the body is covered with copper-colored spots, pustular eruptions and sores. In its worst stages the disease affects the nerves, attacks the bones and sometimes causes tumors to form on the brain, producing insanity and death. Not only those who contract the poison suffer, but unless the virus is driven from the blood the awful taint is handed down to offspring, and they are its innocent victims. Blood Poison is indeed a "black flag." Mercury and Potash, so often used, never can cure the trouble. These minerals merely drive the symptoms away for awhile and shut the disease up in the system, and when they are left off it returns worse than before. This treatment not only fails to cure blood poison but eats out the delicate lining of the stomach and bowels, produces chronic dyspepsia, loosens the teeth and frequently causes mercurial rheumatism to add to the patient's suffering. S. S. S., the great vegetable medicine, is the conqueror of this vile disease. It goes down to the very root of the trouble and cures by cleansing the blood of every particle of the poison. S. S. S. does not hide or cover up anything but clears the entire circulation of the virus and puts the system in good healthy condition. It cures safely as well as certainly, because there is not a particle of mineral in it. We offer a reward of \$1,000.00 for proof that S. S. S. is not purely vegetable. When the blood is purified and strengthened with this great remedy the symptoms all pass away and no sign of the disease is ever seen again; nor is there left the least trace to be handed down to posterity. Special book with instructions for self-treatment and any medical advice desired will be sent without charge to all who write.

Several years ago I had blood poison and my flesh was in an awful condition. Great sores would break out and nothing I put on them would do any good. My hair and eyebrows fell out and I was "a fright." My mouth was so sore I had to live on milk and water. I took Mercury for a long time and instead of getting better I continued to grow worse and my arms and hands became solid sores. My legs were drawn so I could not walk and I felt that my time was short here if I did not get some relief. I began to use your S. S. S. and it helped me from the start. After taking it awhile the sores all healed, my rheumatism was cured and to-day I am a strong, well man. It got all the mercury out of my system and it cured me sound and well. ADAM SCHENABEL, Evansville, Ind. No. 211 Mary St.

# S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### Why It Proved a Failure.

Scribbles—Wright's new book, "Life in the Slums," failed to make a hit, I hear.

Dribbles—Yes. He had no idea of poverty—only poverty of ideas.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN P. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

### Jawback Wins.

Mr. Jawback—I'm going to get a life insurance policy.

Mrs. Jawback—You're foolish. It's all a graft.

Mr. Jawback—But what would you do if I'd die?

Mrs. Jawback—Marry again, of course.

Mr. Jawback—You couldn't if my life hadn't been insured for a good, big sum.—Cleveland Leader.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

More than 2,000 people earn a living in Paris by fortune telling, and their total yearly earnings are estimated at \$2,000,000.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### Haggling.

Towne—He says he'll sell his place for a mere song.

Browne—That's all right, but as soon as you start to give him a song he tells you you haven't got the right notes.—Philadelphia Press.

### FITS

permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 24-00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Germany's Tallest Soldier.

The tallest soldier in the German army, who was enlisted recently, is seven feet ten inches in height, and his weight is 255 pounds. He adorns the ranks of the First regiment of Foot Guards.

With the aid of a microscope any one can see what appears to be a gilt edge on the best steel, but a blind man can discover a "gilt edge" on the best whisky—"Old Gilt Edge."

United States Senator-elect George S. Nixon of Nevada, now many times a millionaire, was a telegraph operator twenty-six years ago.

African Stomach Bitters. Fine appetizer. Medicinal value unsurpassed. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Hongkong harbor is one of the finest in the world, having a water area of about ten square miles.

## THE Keeley Cure

The Only Cure for Liquor and Drug Addiction

endorsed by the U. S. Government. Call or send for explanatory matter.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE Donohoe Building, Market and Taylor Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Short and to the Point. Barber—Hair cut? Yes, sir. How will you have it? Grouch—Both short. Barber—Er—you mean hair and beard? Grouch—No, hair and conversation. —Philadelphia Press.

## \$5.00

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S. F. N. U. No. 52, 1905

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